PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

FEB 23 1940

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIX. No. 467 (New Series) SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1940 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 125
THE FOOD MUDDLE 128
CIVIL LIBERTY IN CANADA by R. S. Lambert . . 129
A LONDON DIARY 130
DEMOCRATIC SOCIALISM IN NORTHERN EUROPE . 131
THIS ENGLAND 132
WEATHERWISE. By Y. Y. 132
DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS. By Desmond MacCarthy 133
THE DODO. By Mary Nicholson 134
NEW MUSIC. By W. J. Turner 134
THREE EXHIBITIONS. By Raymond Mortimer . 135
PLAYS AND PICTURES 136
THE COMING WEEK 136
CORRESPONDENCE 137
From Odette Keun; Emile Cammaerts; Professor J. B. S. Haldane; C. E. M. Joad; Edgar P. Young; Alec Craig; Alfred Instone; H. G. Cook; Robert Jordan; William Douglas Home; A. K. Lawrence, R.A.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Roger Marvell . . . 140
REVIEWS:
Germany in Defeat. By R. H. S. Crossman . 142
New Novels. By Anthony West 144
An Anarchist Teacher. By T. C. Worsley . . 146
Family Portraits. By Peter Quennell . . . 148
"Penology." By Cicely Craven 150
BOOKS TO COME. By Marie Scott-James . . 152
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West . 152
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 154
CROSSWORD 155
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 156

A ROUND OF SPEECHES

DURING the last week we have heard speeches from Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill, M. Daladier and Herr Hitler. All the statesmen expressed the utmost determination to fight the war to a finish, a perfect certainty of the justice of their respective causes and complete confidence in the efficacy of their respective armaments and economics: all of them, moreover, warned their peoples of the further sacrifices which would be demanded of them to assure victory. Such are the commonplaces of the propaganda war. But behind the façade of rhetoric, it is possible to detect a genuine variety of feeling. Both M. Daladier and Herr Hitler laid an emphasis on the maintenance of home morale against the insidious attacks of enemy propaganda, which betrayed a certain anxiety, not shared by the British spokesmen. So far the symptoms of war-weariness in this country are remarkably few, largely because we have not felt the pinch as the French and the Germans have. Indeed, Mr. Churchill's peroration, brilliant as a piece of rhetoric, was mistimed. The people of this country are working hard, in so far as the Government has provided them with employment. Exhortations should be directed not to the workers but to those in London, whose half-hearted measures of economic mobilisation have made the tempo of our war preparations so jerky and uneven.

Herr Hitler's speech at the Sportpalast on the eighth anniversary of his accession to the Chancellorship was a furtive affair. It is difficult to know why he came out of hiding to deliver it. Apart from the routine Nazi version of post-war German history, it was chiefly remarkable for a hysterical denunciation of democratic ideals and of the Allies' war-aims. This is an excellent sign. No one denounces his enemy's propaganda until it has got under his skin, and we can note with considerable pride the drastic decree of the Defence Council threatening with execution the inveterate listener to enemy or even neutral broadcasts and extending the ban to Party members. One cause of this attempt to insulate German public opinion is the Vatican broadcasts on the state of Poland which must have disturbed at least the Catholic third of the Reich population. Another is the renewed pressure by Conservative forces inside Germany for a negotiated peace. Hitler's speech should encourage us to make our offers of a just peace still more explicit and thereby to sharpen the internal conflict in Germany. In his cold and precise style Mr. Chamberlain tried to supply what is wanted, when he pictured friend and enemy "sitting down to build a happier and safer world." If this had been expanded with warmth and detail, it might have had some effect on the few Germans who heard it.

The Air Raids

On Monday and Tuesday the Germans carried out on the East Coast, from Kent to the Shetlands, air raids on a scale more enterprising than anything they have yet attempted. The purpose was to attack shipping, and thirteen vessels were assailed on Monday, among them two lightships. Our fighters went up and pursued, but on this day they brought none of the raiders down. The German bombers numbered from fifteen to twenty planes. On Tuesday twenty bombers repeated these tactics, bombing every ship they encountered, including several trawlers, and then machine-gunning their crews. But on this day our fighters brought down certainly one and possibly two Heinkels. Seven of the crew of eight of the Lightship No. 61 were killed by ruthless attacks by bomb and machine-gun. The accounts of these raids published by the Ministry of Air made a moving and well-told journalistic " story," but they evaded the essential facts. Of all the ships attacked how many were sunk? We are not told. But the Germans claim that on Tuesday they sunk seven armed British ships and two patrol boats. They admit the loss of one bomber. Mr. Churchill's model of candour in news might well be studied by other Ministers.

Rumania's New Protector

The Balkan Entente meets on Friday in the hope of constituting a solid bloc for the defence of the neutrality of the Peninsula. The Turks have taken the initiative in this effort with the goodwill of the Western Powers, and Italy has also been helpful, though with a view to winning the leadership for herself. It seems, however, that the plan may be wrecked by the curious obstinacy of Rumania. Threatened by all her neighbours, including Russia, she none the less refuses to make any adequate concession either to Hungarian or to Bulgarian claims. The former might be met by a grant of autonomy to Transylvania, but the latter can hardly be satisfied without the cession of part of the Dobrudja. The explanation of this attitude may be that the Germans are now protecting Rumania from any attempt to enforce these territorial claims, on condition that their own economic demands are fully satisfied. It is said, for example, that they have vetoed any early Russian march into Bessarabia, where they propose to promote the cultivation on a great scale of the soya bean as a source of fat.

Actually the Germans have got little oil from Rumania this winter, partly because the Danube is frozen and perhaps because the Russians have diverted supplies carried on the Lemberg line. But the chief hindrance has been that the Danube tanker fleet has been largely bought up by British money, and laid up in dock for the duration of the war. The new fact, however, which indicates that as the protectors of Rumania the Germans have scored a success, is the constitution of the Oil Board. This will assure to Germany the delivery of her monthly quota of 130,000 tons, together with the arrears due to her, and a further amount apportioned to the Skoda Works. This amounts to an appreciable increase on the inclusive average delivery for 1939, of 110,000 tons a month. A check has also been put on the rise of oil prices, for she has arranged that the lei-mark exchange shall be fixed at 44.75 instead of 41. In other respects the Germans have gained: oil is no longer limited to 25 per cent. of the total value of all Rumanian exports to Germany: an absolute quantity has been fixed that has no relation to other sales or purchases. This makes a delicate problem for oil companies running on British and neutral capital, but the Germans have certainly scored in that they now have to deal not with private companies but with a friendly State control. The inference both from this deal and from the probable taking over of the Galician wells, is that the Germans need more oil for contemplated operations in the spring. But can they be sure of transport?

Canada's Khaki Election

Mr. Mackenzie King startled Ottawa on Friday of last week by ending a federal session that had lasted only four hours with an announcement of a dissolution. Since a general election should normally have been held in June, it is difficult to grasp what Mr. King gains by a trial of strength that cannot be taken till the end of March. His own case is that he is meeting a challenge from Mr. Hepburn and the legislature of Ontario, which passed a vote of censure on the Federal Government's war record. The case against it, rightly or wrongly, is that it might have done much more in the matter both of men and supplies, and some of the Conservatives are urging conscription. Snap " Khaki " elections are always distasteful, and in this instance it is to be feared that heated party strife will intensify the drift towards a quasi-Fascist intolerance on which Mr. Lambert, one-time editor of *The Listener*, comments on a later page.

The Decline in Employment

Some of the figures needed for accurate estimating of the trends of employment have ceased to be available under war conditions; but enough are still published for certain very interesting facts to emerge. Between December, 1938 and December, 1939 the number of unemployed men over 18 fell by not far short of half a million, whereas the number of unemployed women over 18 rose by rather more than 20,000. Including juveniles, total unemployment fell by substantially under half a million. This, of course, does not mean that industrial employment improved; for after making allowance for workers absorbed into defence services, military or civil, and for the surplus of entrants over workers leaving industry through death or retirement, we are clearly left with the conclusion that industrial activity on the whole has declined despite activity in the war trades. What has happened has been that increased activity in the areas previously most depressed—the heavy industry areas—has been more than offset by a decline in the previously expanding areas, notably London, which have been the victims of evacuation and the decline in luxury and semi-luxury trades and services. A notable fact is that what is called " hard-core " unemployment has shown a capacity to vanish wherever local industries have been stimulated by war demand, and that accordingly there has been a big fall in the number of the long-term unemployed. The results are, first, that the really " unemployable " are in truth a nearly negligible factor, and secondly that the state of employment still shows no sign that the Government is facing seriously the problem of expanding output except in the provision of supplies for the Services.

Mr. Churchill's "Million"

Mr. Churchill's references to the need for a million women to volunteer for war service in the munition trades read very oddly in the light of these figures. Doubtless, as the war proceeds, there will be a considerable movement of women into shell-making and other forms of mass-production of war supplies. But with 377,000 women still out of work in the insured trades, there is clearly no call for mass-volunteering from women not already engaged in industry. Mr. Churchill's "million" was indeed quite fantastic; and it is no wonder he has roused the Trade Unions to angry protest under the fear that they may find their trades swamped with a sea of unwanted labour, which could be employed only at the expense of those already available for work. The A.E.U. has raised the further question that several thousands of skilled engineers have already been drafted into the army not for skilled jobs but for general service, and that this is a dangerous waste of man-power in view of the shortage of really skilled men which is bound to develop as the pressure becomes more intense. In the last war, a lot of energy was wanted in compelling the military authorities to return for skilled jobs men who had been previously enlisted in the ranks. This time, that particular blunder is not being made on so large a scale, owing to the consultations with the Trade Unions over the schedules of reserved occupations. But it is happening, at any rate in the younger age-groups, and there ought, in view of the scarcity of skilled workers, to be better guarantees that skilled men who are taken for the army or navy shall not be passed into the ordinary ranks and forgotten.

Workmen's Compensation in Wartime

There was an angry debate in the House on Tuesday about workmen's compensation. The Labour proposal for an increase in the existing scales was met by an amendment from Sir Arnold Wilson, accepted by the Government, calling for a temporary scheme to relieve cases of hardship pending a full report from the Royal Commission now sitting, which is unlikely to report for a long time. The Labour Party scented in the terms of the amendment and in Sir John Anderson's speech the suggestion of yet another means test, on the same lines as that proposed for the old age pensioners last week. This was not very convincingly denied—for how can relief be given only in cases of hardship without some such test? The root of the trouble lies of course in the provisions of the law which restrict compensation to a fraction of the wage previously earned, and thus in many instances preclude payment at a tolerable living standard. Sir John Anderson argued, with formal correctness, that this is not a grievance arising out of the war, but one that has existed for a long time. It is, however, none the less a serious grievance, and one which the wartime rise in prices has already made much more acute. The truth is that workmen's compensation law ought to have been drastically remodelled long ago, and that the failure to deal with it earlier now forces on the Government the necessity of revising the law at an inconvenient time, if really intolerable hardships are to be prevented. Sir John Anderson promised to consult the Trades Union Congress and the employers; it is to be hoped that the T.U.C. will be able to persuade him that, as an interim measure, nothing short of an all-round increase will meet the case.

From Our Parliamentary Correspondent

There is no doubt that the Government had a very bad day when the condition of agriculture was debated in the Commons last week. Mr. Wilfrid Roberts—earnest, well-informed, plaintive—began with a formidable list of grievances ranging over the entire field. It soon became clear that the House was seriously disturbed about the whole position, and extremely angry about the shortage of feeding stuffs. Woeful tales of slaughtered pigs and strangled chickens were reiterated by indignant private Members on both sides and from all parts of the country. Mr. Tom Williams, now one of the best speakers on the Labour Front Bench, roundly accused the Government of never having had a constructive thought about agriculture prior to the war, and of having changed their mind every day and almost every hour since it broke out. The only defence Mr. Morrison could think of was that wheat was more important than animal feeding stuffs; and, as we had not got enough storage accommodation for both, he had to choose one or the other. He said the position was getting a bit better, that they were now (five months after the outbreak of war and three years after the decision to re-arm was taken) building the storage accommodation, and that anyway we had never been short of bread.

This speech gave an opening to Mr. Lloyd George, of which he took full advantage. Upon the subject of agriculture he knows a great deal and feels passionately. He rubbed in the inescapable fact that we started this war with an arable acreage down by 2,500,000, with 250,000 workers driven off the land, and with at any rate one shortage sufficient to cause anxiety. Once again he gave us the figures of agricultural production under his direction in 1918, and contrasted these with the Minister's estimate of an increase this year of 200,000 acres. He read out his own warnings during the past few years. He pointed out—what most of us had not realised—that our shipping capacity is also down by six million tons. He concluded with a most eloquent appeal for action on the part of the War Cabinet, for drive and determination at the summit. I have rarely heard him in better form; and never more effective.

All this time the two Ministers directly concerned sat in dejected silence—unconvincing, unco-ordinated, and unhappy. Mr. De La Bere (Conservative) accused them of surrendering to the milling interests, and threw out sinister hints of dark doings at Godstone. Mr. Clement Davies proved how often they had contradicted themselves. And even after the unfortunate Sir R. Dorman-Smith had made his "winding-up" speech, and thought he was through with it, the debate smouldered on until the House was automatically adjourned and the lights went out.

The present plight of agriculture is indeed an astonishing comment upon the performance of the "National" Government since its formation. Here was one problem at any rate which they might have been expected to tackle, and to the solution of which they could at any moment have applied drastic measures. They would have been supported in any action they had cared to take by the solid phalanx of County Members behind them. In addition to which they would have had the active support of Mr. Lloyd George, and a good deal of sympathy from the Labour Party. For seven years they did nothing, while the workers left the land, and the land went to rack and ruin. Gilmour was replaced by Elliot, Elliot by Morrison, Morrison by Dorman-Smith. But until last year no effective action was taken, and then it was too late. They were warned repeatedly. The campaign for oats on the part of the Scottish agricultural Members, which, had it been successful, would certainly have averted the present shortage, lasted for over five years. The campaign for adequate storage, led by Sir Arthur Salter, lasted for two. But at the end of the day we embarked upon what may well prove to be the greatest war in history without feeding stuffs and without storage accommodation. It is not without significance that all four of the Ministers responsible for this state of affairs still adorn the Treasury Bench.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS: Readers are free to post this paper to any country other than the following, to which only the publisher or newsagent with a permit may post:

Italy, Ruthenia, Holland (Netherlands), Belgium, Luxemburg, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Japan, China, Norway, San Marino, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Spain, Bulgaria, Thailand (Siam), Vatican City, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Monaco, Lichtenstein, Andorra, or any dependencies thereof.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE FOOD MUDDLE

AGRICULTURE has been admitted by successive Governments to be in need of help. Each in turn has patched the old fabric to make it hold together, but now, under the strain of war holes are appearing everywhere and each new patch makes more holes around it. The industry needs a new coat, but the Government and the farmers alike are afraid to pay the price.

The debate last week can have brought small consolation either to the two Ministers responsible or to the industry or to the consumers. Once again there were plenty of witnesses to attest the failure of the Government's plans; there was Mr. Lloyd George to remind the House in a vigorous speech of his triumphs in the last war and Mr. Morrison and Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith to repeat their apologies for the past and goodwill for the future. What was lacking in the speeches both of the Government and of its critics was any constructive examination of the causes of our present difficulties or any constructive plan for remedying them. Running through the whole debate was the paradox of a Government forced to take control of a vital industry but refusing to admit that it has done so; of farmers desperately in need of a unified control but filled with an obstinate determination to resist any meddling. This is the disease of British agriculture: the shortage of feeding stuffs, the difficulties of the war executive committees, the fears that supplies of seeds and fertilisers may prove inadequate—all these complaints, so fully expressed in the debate, are merely symptoms of the basic evil, the lack of planning and direction in the management of the industry.

Agriculture in wartime is not only an industry but one of the vital services of the nation. Moreover, it is not, as is so often stated, a large number of separate businesses each controlled and managed by individual farmers. To-day no farmer can buy or sell in a free market and it is absurd to contend that a business without this power can shape its own policy. Agriculture is a single unit which buys much of its raw materials from overseas and sells its finished products through Government marketing organisations. It is this unified buying and selling which needs national direction, a direction which must mean a measure of control for the farmers as productive units. Moreover, the raw materials of British agriculture are in many cases also human foodstuffs. Even where this is not so, they compete for cargo space with them, and the produce of our farms combines with the imports of foreign food to feed the nation. It is impossible, therefore, to separate agriculture from food supplies; they are one in virtue of their common buying and common market.

Yet two Ministers sat on the Front Bench during the debate, each taking part responsibility but without any unity of purpose. Because the Minister of Food had decided to store wheat to the exclusion of other corn—although it is not clear why both could not have been stored—there was at the outbreak of war only a few weeks' store of maize and barley in the country. We can hardly suppose that this fact was known to the Minister of Agriculture when he stated on September 4th that there was no scarcity of animal feeding stuffs and that flocks and herds should not be reduced by slaughter. Each Minister may give an explanation of this mistake which is departmentally satisfactory, but the fact remains that their joint uncoordinated efforts reduced many pig and poultry farmers to ruin. And this is only one instance of the ill-effects of divided control; they will increase in number until the Government decides to unify the production and provision of food.

But no such assurance was given in the course of the debate. On the contrary, after apologising for past failures, the two Ministers, each secure in his own Department, made fresh promises for the future. Two-thirds of the normal pre-war supply of feeding stuffs, the House was told, will be available up to the end of March, provided that there is no unexpected worsening of the position at sea. Let us see what this promise means to the pig farmer. He knows that a sow that has just been served may be fed until she farrows: but whether the progeny can be reared neither Mr. Morrison nor Sir Reginald can say. The poultry farmer can put eggs into his incubator with some assurance that he will be able to feed the chicks until they are useless two months old birds. But neither Ministers can tell him that he will be able to bring the birds to maturity. Again, ploughing orders are being issued for 1½ million acres, but the Ministers only "expect" that seed will be available, and the price will be high. Can the farmer, who has to plough his good pasture, be blamed if he wonders whether he will be able to afford the necessary seed? And can he be described as "the free unfettered farmer" on whose efforts the Ministers ask us to rely?

The selling side of the business presents the same picture. The two Ministers make promises that prices will be adequate but no one knows which of them will fix the price; the good intentions may reside in one, the authority in the other. So the farmer must decide between the various crops within the next few weeks, but he has not sufficient evidence for a sound decision.

All these symptoms point to the same disease, the failure to understand that the provision of the nation's food, whether bought overseas or produced at home, is one single business which cannot be successfully run under this unhappy Duumvirate. The responsibility must be in the hands of one man. He must decide on the distribution of purchasing power overseas and on cargo space, between food for immediate consumption and raw materials for agriculture. He must direct the farmers' production by precise information on future supplies of material, equipment and labour, and by the early announcement of prices to be paid for crops. Finally, he must release to the people food at a price and of a quality which will maintain the health of the nation.

Only under such a unified control will the War Executive Committees be able to fulfil their function. It may often be impossible to disclose all the facts to the farmers; but the Committees, if they are to guide the farmers in the light of their knowledge of local conditions, must also be fully informed of the Government's plans, and of the conditions of the industry. At present they often know no more than the individual farmer. To suggest that they enjoy effective freedom is ridiculous. A man without knowledge on which to base his actions is not a free agent.

It would be easy to let the matter rest here and to suggest that the substitution of a single Minister of Food Supplies for the present dual control would solve our

problems. But this is not the case. No Minister, however talented, can create order when the administration he directs is unsuited to the task. No amount of co-ordination of existing staffs will turn a machinery, which worked badly enough in peace-time, into an instrument of war-economy. In agriculture, as in the wider sphere of economic control which is being debated this week, it is not merely a change of ministerial personnel but a revolution of mind which is needed. For years the Government of this country has only interfered with industry and agriculture in order to maintain prices; politicians and civil servants alike have assumed a world in which the expansion of production was treated not as a blessing but as a menace. No wonder that neither the Government nor its leading financial and departmental advisers can face the problem of a war-economy which demands not restriction of output for the sake of profits but an expansion of production whatever the cost to vested interests. Neither an agricultural nor an economic dictator will be of any avail, unless he realises that war demands the sacrifice of cherished orthodoxies, not only among the farmers but in Whitehall.

CIVIL LIBERTY IN CANADA

IF ever liberty were to become extinct in Great Britain, its foothold in the Dominions and other parts of the Empire would be somewhat precarious. The further you move from the centre, the more diluted become the traditions of free speech, free press, free associations and other essentials of civil liberty. It seems as if, in these younger countries, the mixture of stock, and its geographical dispersal, together with the pioneering spirit of enterprise, fostered a respect for convention, and a need for discipline, as well as cultivation of the narrower patriotic virtues. In Canada, for instance, a traditional respect for civil liberties is not deep-rooted—for historical, racial and religious reasons. For instance, French Canadians, who form nearly one-third of the population of the Dominion, do not share the Anglo-Saxon conception of personal liberty; nor has the Anglo-Saxon stock in Canada itself been recruited to the same extent as in New England and some parts of the United States from persecuted minorities fleeing Europe because they set a high value on individual freedom. And whilst Canada's past agricultural development has favoured conservatism of thought and manners, her more recent industrialisation and urbanisation have not fostered the traditions of individual freedom as intensively as did the Industrial Revolution in nineteenth-century Britain. The leisured section of the population is small, and there are few public-spirited and well-to-do persons interested in taking up cases of hardship for humane reasons. Civil liberties in Canada, as in Britain, are not a positive set of rights, guaranteed by a written Constitution, like that of the United States; or listed in any specific legislation. The citizen is presumed free to do, think, write or say what he pleases, as long as he doesn't break the law. The Criminal Code of the Dominion follows the English model in the various restrictions which it lays down upon the holding of public meetings, the expression of opinion, freedom of the press, and freedom of association. But over and above the Dominion Code, there is a good deal of provincial legislation, and much municipal regulation, which whittles away civil liberty by indirect means.

The most notorious example of this was the "Padlock" Law recently passed by the Quebec Legislature to protect Quebec Province against "Communistic Propaganda." This declared it illegal for the owner or occupier of a house to make use of it to propagate "Communism or Bolshevism," and gave the Provincial Attorney-General power to shut up the premises, i.e. temporarily confiscate the property. The sting of the Act lay in the vagueness of its objective, since the term "Communism," being undefined, could be applied to any school of unpopular thought.

In 1937 the Alberta Legislature tried to interfere with the press by compelling newspapers to publish corrections about any statement which they made relating to the Provincial Government (i.e. Social Credit); but this Act was held *ultra vires* by the Courts. The Municipalities, however, have their own way of restricting rights of public meeting, free press, etc., as in Montreal, where no one may distribute circulars without a license, and consequently the circulation of pamphlet literature is controlled. Again, the Dominion Immigration authorities have power to ban the import of books and papers, and this power has a censorial effect in a country such as Canada, almost wholly dependent upon Britain and the United States for its literature. Moreover, academic freedom in Canadian Universities does not mean what it does in British Universities, as is shown by the storms which arise whenever an unlucky Professor or Lecturer (as in Toronto this spring) makes some statement held to reflect on the established institutions of the country.

Since War broke out the ordinary Criminal Code has been supplemented in Canada, as in Britain, by regulations made under Orders in Council. The Defence of Canada Regulations are in several respects more severe than the Orders made under the British Emergency Powers Defence Act. The Canadian Regulations are not referable to Parliament, and have not yet been discussed by the Dominion House of Commons. Regulation 21, which gives the Government power to detain a person in custody without trial, and Regulations Nos. 39 and 39a, which suppress verbal and printed channels of disaffection, have never been subject to criticisms or modification, as in Great Britain. Canada also penalises the law-breaker more heavily, with fines up to $5,000 (or five years' imprisonment), as against (in Britain) £500, or two years. imprisonment.

More important has been the way in which the Regulations have been interpreted and enforced. On November 25th the Attorney-General for Ontario circularised police, mayors and Crown attorneys of the Province, and urged them to a campaign of severe repression of offenders. He boasted of having 1,100 men armed and in uniform to enforce the law, urged the police to be alert and aggressive in seizing subversive literature and arresting those who made subversive statements, and offered every assistance in giving advice as to the prosecution of the offenders. He defined subversive literature and subversive statements as "literature and statements having a tendency to overthrow, ruin or destroy, as referring to a Government or Constitution." He urged the police to arrest suspects, search premises, demand substantial bail in cases of arrest, and concluded by straining the offence of printing or distributing unlawful literature so as to include mere possession of such literature—provided the amount possessed was substantial. It is no wonder that, under the stimulus of such incitements, the police courts of Canada have been full of prosecutions and convictions—so numerous as to give the entirely false impression that Canada must be full of disloyal citizens. No one has much sympathy with the Communist Party as such, whose paper has been suppressed, and whose members have been fined and imprisoned for distributing peace pamphlets; but it is rather different when the Premier of British Columbia threatens Labour members of his Provincial Parliament with proceedings under the Defence Regulation for criticising British and Canadian war policies in their speeches in Parliament: when Alberta insists on revising an official school text-book, because it contains a sentence stating that the Germans were forced at Versailles to sign "a humiliating peace": when the Ministry of Labour declares a strike for higher wages among shipbuilding employees at St. John's illegal, because an Order in Council has extended an old Industrial Disputes Arbitration Act so as to make it apply compulsorily to all War industries. Astonishingly severe penalties have been imposed

for trivial offences, mostly remarks, such as "Heil Hitler!" and "Blast the British!" made under the influence of drink in some "beverage room." A candidate in the Municipal elections has been charged with issuing a subversive election handbill, which included the paragraph, "I stand for Government responsibility for Red Cross work, and against the extraction of money from already meagre pay envelopes of the working people." Accused persons who plead that people have a right to criticise the Government in peace or war and instance the examples of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bernard Shaw in Britain, receive no sympathy in Canada; though one Judge, in allowing an appeal against a conviction early in the War, gave a warning against panic and mob psychology, and said he feared that what was happening was "almost equal to the famous old example of the witch-burning of Salem." Halifax seems to have had a particularly bad fit of nerves, taking the form of prosecution of people who have written to friends in the United States referring to ships in Halifax harbour. A young University lecturer has just been tried there for writing in this style to his sweetheart in Denmark, and accompanying his text with a diagram; but he escaped with a nominal fine of one dollar. He is luckier than two school-girls, aged 17 and 18, who were sentenced at Regina to a fine of $25 and costs, or thirty days in jail, for distributing a Communist pamphlet: or than a farmer, who received a fine of $200 and three months' imprisonment for making remarks derogatory to the King and Queen, and the Canadian Army. A more serious case, shortly to be tried, is that of a prominent Trade Union organiser, who led a big strike in 1937, and now stands charged with making statements prejudicial to recruiting. It is noticeable that there has been a steady development in the type of prosecution: first the machinery was directed against obscure Communists; now it seems to turn towards intellectuals and labour leaders. The cases I have mentioned are only a few out of many scores which show Canada's need to protect herself against a growth of native Fascism.

R. S. LAMBERT

A LONDON DIARY

WE are a nation astonishingly long-suffering of our own short-sightedness. Every time a frost or a drought comes, we suffer the most appalling inconveniences, simply because we are not prepared for the capital outlay involved in measures of protection. We argue that our climate is so temperate that droughts and frosts are rare, but I wonder what the national bill is for a rare occasion like this week. With the pipes on the outside wall of the house and the cistern in the coldest place possible, the householder faces the risk of very considerable financial loss as well as inconvenience. So, too, with the railways, which have not thought it worth their while to take the precautions necessary in eastern Europe. But I have no right to blame the railways for refusing to foot the bill. Two winters running our plumber has become a frost-profiteer, and I expect that next week the £30 which would make my house frost-proof will seem excessive.

* * *

I was interested to see that the conflict between the Stoke-on-Trent Watch Committee and Sir John Anderson hit the headlines last week, when the Watch Committee's refusal to accept the orders of the Home Office was unanimously approved by the full Council. Since 1918 there has been a growing tendency to take the control of the Police Force out of the hands of the local authority and to enforce a rigorous uniformity throughout the country. The Home Office pays 50 per cent. of the cost of the police, the Watch Committee, except in financial matters, is not subject to council control, and the Chief of Police is as much a Home Office as a local government officer, so it is easy for the Home Office inspectors to get their way and to enforce increases in the Police Force when medical or school services are being curtailed. Indeed, the mere threat of a withdrawal of the Home Office grant has been sufficient to bring most councils to heel. Nearly a year ago Stoke was instructed that its force was below strength and should be enlarged by some fifty additional constables. With rates of 18*s.* 8*d.* in the pound, the Committee was reluctant to face fresh expenditure. It argued further that since its crime detection rate of 73 per cent. was well above the average, the increase did not seem justifiable. The Home Office Inspector's reply that the money could be taken from education did not ease the situation. Finally, the Committee agreed to recruit half the additional men and advertised for them. Police recruitment is, anyway, difficult enough, and is nearly impossible now that likely young men are being taken into the Army. But though it could not obtain its recruits, the Committee has not been unduly perturbed about the safety of Stoke, as it has an Auxiliary Police Force in uniform of about 500 men in addition to its normal complement. After receiving a deputation which presented these facts, Sir John Anderson decided upon the extreme step of withholding the grant to the tune of £50,000. It was at this point that the Council supported by a unanimous vote its Committee's stand. So now Stoke must either find an extra £50,000 or, as seems more probable, dismiss a further hundred police in order to avoid a colossal increase on the rates. The most interesting aspect of the incident is the strong local support for the Council's rebellious act. Freedom in this country still means local freedom to contradict Whitehall, and, though I doubt if the Council has a legal leg to stand on, its resistance to the constant encroachments of London will cheer many provincial hearts.

* * *

One of the most disturbing problems we shall soon have to face is the growing discontent with the existing Czech and Polish National Committees and the mysterious Austrian Office recently set up in London and disowned by the Austrian Socialists. Of course, a certain amount of friction is inevitable in all exile organisations, especially as it is totally impossible to establish whether they are representative or no, but many beside myself must have hoped that the views expressed to the *Daily Telegraph* last Monday by the Polish President were not unanimously supported by his colleagues. When asked what would happen to the parts of Poland now occupied by Russia, he replied "that he anticipated little trouble in recovering that portion." The *Daily Telegraph* headlined this interview "Full Restoration of Poland." Does this mean that we are fighting to restore to a Polish Government all the plunder which Marshal Pilsudski stole? If so, the sooner the Labour Party disavows this particular war aim the better. The trouble with the Czech National Committee is different. Here I have considerable evidence that the membership is a source of growing concern not only to Sudeten Germans but to democratic Czechs. The overwhelming majority belongs to those Right-wing parties whose allegiance was most suspect before Munich, and Dr. Benes and his few associates are isolated, without a single Czech Socialist to represent a large industrial population or a single German to represent a minority whose attitude will be decisive for the future of the country. Nor is my information about conditions in the Czechoslovak legion in France, where conscription has been applied to Sudeten Germans as well, at all encouraging. Brass-hats can cause as much trouble in exile as at home. If conditions do not improve, however unpleasant it may be, someone will soon have to suggest that the National Committee and the Legion conform to the ideals for which we and the Czechoslovak peoples are fighting. The Austrian Office is not, of course, recognised as the Czech and Polish Committees are, so we do not have the same responsibility for its activities. Here again Schuschniggites and Monarchists predominate, though Monarchist propaganda is officially frowned upon. It seems as though those in authority both here and in France have a natural sympathy for anything which smacks of the *ancien régime*; and can be guaranteed to cold-shoulder the representatives of those social forces which alone could bring peace and justice to these small countries.

I have just received a very curious document, the report of the recent annual conference of the Universities Labour Federation. By overwhelming majorities the Socialist movements in all the Universities have accepted the Communist attitude to the war. In the debates one or two members tried rather feebly to state the Labour case, but they were annihilated. It is easy enough to say that the Universities have been nobbled by the Communists; and there is no doubt that the C.P.'s skill in exploiting the guileless fellow-traveller and packing committees has had a good deal to do with the result. But when all is said and done, some responsibility must rest on the Labour Party. It has a magnificent case; it had an even more magnificent opportunity for exposing the inconsistencies of Communist tactics. The war situation should have given it a supreme chance of winning the support of young people, apart from the Pacifist minority. It has not done so, partly because it is suspected of shirking responsibility and accepting Mr. Chamberlain as a permanency, partly because it has not sufficient men and women who can put its case as clearly, as vigorously and as confidently as the Communists. The Communists have a philosophy, a leadership, a discipline and a message—though the last changes pretty often. Official Labour has no philosophy, a compromise leadership, which expels some minorities and permits others in a somewhat haphazard way, and a confused message. It knows where it is: but it cannot say clearly where it is going. That is why it cannot create a healthy movement either in the Universities or in the League of Youth. Young people ask above all for a clear sense of direction in their leaders. If Official Labour cannot give it, they accept it from elsewhere. The same is true of the Constituencies, where in many areas the Labour case is simply going by default, and near-Communists are taking advantage of the Party's natural pacifism to press their demands for an immediate peace, and to exculpate Stalin. The result, an experienced agent writes to me, is often complete confusion inside the parties and a growing isolation of the politically conscious minority from the man in the street. "Blood," his letter goes on, "runs thicker than political faith in most people, and when their sons are involved in the war, every development which makes the struggle harder for them hardens their mothers and fathers against any aggressor, whatever their political tags." So while the Communists collect their faithful minority of young devotees, the anti-Russian resentment grows outside and will soon be dangerously easy to exploit for reactionary causes.

* * *

Here is a cutting sent to me by a reader:

> Four bricklayers, rendered idle by weather conditions, went for a day's rabbiting in the neighbourhood of Warwick, and yesterday were each fined 2*s*. 6*d*. by the County Justices. They had taken a couple of rabbits from a drain on the highway.
>
> "I thought they would make a nice meal for the children, who have not got over-much to eat," remarked one of the defendants.
>
> "It would make a wonderful story for Lord Haw Haw of Hamburg," said another. "British police seize unemployed people."
>
> The Clerk: You must not talk politics.

This shows that Lord Haw Haw has his uses. If magistrates get a bit more sensitive to his attacks, we shall soon be able to say: "If you don't take care, I'll write to Hamburg about it: and then you'll be in trouble."

* * *

Sagittarius has set the First Lord to music.

> Let us on, to the task, to the toil!
> Guard the streets, heap the arms, lead the brave;
> Plough the land, prop the lame, pump the oil,
> Clear the seas, bust the mines, sweep the wave.
> Let the cowardly foe
> Strike the underhand blow.
> Look neutrals in the eye!
> Build the ships, rule the sky, lend to save!
> Wish me luck as you wave me good-bye!

POLYCRITIC

DEMOCRATIC SOCIALISM IN NORTHERN EUROPE

THE Soviet attack on Finland dealt a cruel blow to the hopes of the Labour Movements in Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway and Sweden, that they would escape outside interference in their work of peaceful reform. These Governments have stood the supreme test of repeated elections while they held office. In percentages of the total poll the Social-Democratic Labour vote has increased as follows:

	Denmark	Finland	Iceland	Norway	Sweden
1928 ..	—	—	—	—	37.0
1929 ..	38.2	—	—	—	—
1932 ..	42.7	—	—	—	41.7
1933 ..	—	37.3	—	40.1	—
1934 ..	—	—	21.7	—	42.2
1935 ..	46.1	—	—	—	—
1936 ..	—	38.6	—	42.5	45.9
1937 ..	—	—	19.0	—	—
1938 ..	—	—	—	—	50.6
1939 ..	42.9	39.8	—	—	—

The first task of the Labour Movement in all of them has been to sweep away every remnant of political privilege. Repeated reforms of the electoral system have made the one-chamber Parliaments of Finland, Iceland and Norway fairly equalitarian. The Social-Democratic Government of Sweden finally succeeded in placing the First Chamber (Upper House) on the same electoral basis as the Second by an Act passed on May 4, 1937. The Danish Government abolished the First Chamber by an Act passed on March 11, 1939. To make the decision final, this Act had to submit to the cumbersome procedure of new elections, a referendum and a new vote in Parliament. Before matters reached this stage the Government had, however, got a safe majority in the First Chamber in addition to the majority it had held in the Second Chamber since April, 1929. The Government was accordingly increasing its power without any change in the Constitution. That is why the voters on the Government side were unenthusiastic in the elections of April, 1939.

In Denmark the Social-Democratic Party remains in coalition with the Radical Party. Neither in Denmark nor in any other of these countries has Labour alone as yet got a majority position in Parliament. But developments in economic control since the outbreak of the world economic crisis in 1929 have made office more important than it was in the days when Socialists argued about "Minister Socialism" and minority governments were frowned upon in the Labour Movement. The independence of the National Bank has disappeared and monetary and credit policy has fallen under Government control to such an extent that the need for nationalisation in the old sense of the term no longer exists. Government control of foreign investments, certain natural resources (land, forests, mines) and transport was extensive before Labour took office and has since been increased. Finland passed legislation on August 1, 1939, which would effectively limit foreign investment in Finnish resources and secure public control of existing investments. Finally, all these countries have a system of managed agriculture, which has nothing to do with socialisation of the land, but nevertheless centralises the direction of the farming industry beyond the wildest dreams of the old planners of agriculture.

In the latter respect it is possible to register a wholly new departure in the history of the International Labour Movement. The beginning was made by the Social-Democratic Party of Sweden which got the support of the Farmers' Party in 1933 for a policy of industrial recovery, financed by public funds, in return for a system of agricultural subsidies and marketing arrangements. The experiment was successful on both counts. Unemployment was practically wiped out and the farming community set on its feet again by 1936. After the September elections of that year the Farmers' Party had been won over to such an extent that it accepted the Social-Democratic election programme and joined the Government.

The Swedish example of co-operation between farmers and industrial workers was first copied in Iceland, where the Government, formed in 1934, was a coalition of the Farmers and Social-Democrats. In Norway, too, Labour took office with the support of the Farmers' Party. Finally, the impression created by the success of the Swedish experiment broke down the barriers between the Farmers and the Social-Democrats in Finland in the early months of 1937. Only in Denmark have the political organisations of the farming community held out against generous co-operation with the industrial workers, although the small farmers are undoubtedly behind the Government, and all the elections have shown increasing support for Social Democracy on the Danish countryside.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of such developments in countries where, owing to the preponderance of the farming community, the industrial working class cannot dream of monopolising political control. Only by Labour co-operation with the country people can Fascism be prevented from taking root. In the years of acute economic crisis Finland and Norway showed that Fascist ideas gain ground most easily among the farmers. Whether captains of industry and finance contribute to the cause or not, is immaterial; the farmer must be won. It was the farmer and his clerical advisers who created the Finnish "Lapua Movement," which threatened to gain control of the country between 1929 and 1932, while the Leader of the—now insignificant—Norwegian Fascist Movement was made Minister of National Defence in a Farmers' Party Government. What there is left of home-grown Fascism in Denmark, is sponsored by certain sections of the farming community and not by either finance or industry. Even Sweden found, in 1934, that Fascist ideas were making inroads on the countryside, particularly in the southern parts.

The affinity of ideas between these countries is not merely a case of one copying the other or of parallel developments. It is fostered by joint private and public organisations. For generations they have consulted and competed with each other in legislation, social reform, education, the arts, finance and industry, trade and international affairs.

Their Labour movements have found it fairly easy to avoid the danger of a purely national socialism. They have an "International" of their own, perhaps the most active and efficient organisation of the kind that has ever existed.

In the circumstances it was easy for Labour in the Northern States to make up its mind about the Finnish struggle against Soviet aggression. The Northern Labour Movements had given active support to the struggle of the Finnish Social-Democratic Party and the Finnish trade unions to secure democratic conditions after the civil war, particularly during the attempted revival of civil war methods in the Lapua Movement between 1929 and 1931. The visit of the Labour Prime Ministers of Denmark, Norway and Sweden to Helsinki in December, 1935, marked the turning-point of Finnish foreign policy towards Scandinavia. When Finnish Social Democracy took office in March, 1937, the Finnish Republic became fully aligned with the Northern democracies.

But Northern Labour knows the other side as well. Labour leaders in Norway and Sweden, as in Finland, used to know intimately the gentlemen who, from their place of safety in Moscow, have now decreed the "liberation" by fire and sword of the Finnish people. Mr. Kuusinen, Premier of Moscow's Provisional People's Puppet Government of Finland, is no shadowy figure to them. They also used to know his colleagues who fled with him to Russia, but who have disappeared in the great unknown of Stalin's purges. Northern Labour knows what it is doing when it turns against Soviet aggression in full sympathy with Finnish democracy. In assisting the Finns it has taken a leaf out of the notebook of Stalin, as well as of Hitler and Mussolini, when the three dictators played the game of non-intervention in the Spanish civil war. The risks are greater to the Labour Movements of small nations with relatively large territories to defend. They are particularly great because of the other war.

BJARNE BRAATOY

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Douglas Smith.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

AMBULANCE BADGE

NOTE.—As the St. Andrew's and St. John's Ambulance examinations do not include questions on the dangers of smoking, incontinence, etc., those certificates are not sufficient to entitle holders to wear this badge.—*Ambulance for Boy Scouts.*

That old-world, indeed historic, spruceness of the Eton boy, due to the skill of the Eton tailors' cutters, promises to be a thing of the past if parents buy their sons' clothes off the peg at a London outfitters. But Eton is the most democratic place in the world, being ruled by the public opinion of the boys. These can be relied upon to have the support of their parents in retaining what they feel must be retained.—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post.*

The perfect bust points slightly upwards, but even slightly weary busts can now cry excelsior, and there are just seven things you can do about it.—*Woman's Fair.*

Sir Nevile Henderson, formerly British Ambassador in Berlin, speaking of Goering at Sleaford (Lincs), last night, said: "He may be a blackguard, but not a dirty blackguard."—*News Chronicle.*

It is a curious little voice, harsh, low and high at once, full of colour. When she's tough it's magenta; when she's tender, deep purple. Sometimes it's baby pink. I've seen it leaf-green and bride's-mother grey.—Woman's Page article on Jean Arthur in the *Daily Mail.*

The Vicar of Brampton, the Rev. E. T. Shepherd, said he had been shocked to find that the term "unmarried wife" appeared on the form. "It seems to me," he said, "to be a hint from the Government that you should have an unmarried wife. It is a nasty hit at the sanctity of marriage. We Christian people should protest at the Government calling an unmarried woman a wife. When I saw the phrase I wondered what we were fighting for."—*Manchester Guardian.*

WEATHERWISE

WHEN the censorship at last released the news of the weather we have been having in England this winter, I could not help thinking how excellent a thing it was that the papers had not been allowed to publish the news earlier. There is nothing that makes one feel colder than the news of cold weather—at least of cold weather in one's own part of the world. We can bear a good deal of cold if we do not know exactly how cold it is; but when we know that the temperature has fallen to an unprecedented number of degrees below freezing point, that great lakes and rivers have been frozen over, that thousands of people are suffering from influenza as a result of the Arctic weather, with scores of stories that bring home the cruel frigidity of the world to the imagination, we begin to realise how cold we are as if for the first time. We shudder at every draught that trickles through a closed window. We become conscious of the existence of little imps of infection threatening us in the streets. A numbness creeps over the imagination. To open a newspaper is not only to endure the cold that oneself is enduring but to endure the cold that hundreds of thousands of other people are enduring. Our spirits fall with every fall in the thermometer.

I do not imagine that everybody is equally affected by the weather reports, but to many people they are the cause of continual alternations of happiness and cheerlessness. They read of a spell of fine weather at Easter, and they are exhilarated as people can be exhilarated only by poetry, music, or good news. Later in the year comes the report of a heat-wave. If it had not been reported, they would merely have left off a garment and thought nothing more about it. Reported, however, a heat-wave becomes sinister, oppressive, menacing. Deaths

from heatstroke are recorded. One begins to feel a difficulty in breathing oneself. As a preventive of heatstroke, advise the medical correspondent of the press, take plenty of salt to replace the salt lost by the system, and one obediently takes plenty of salt that one could have done very well without if one had not been told how hot it was. "Five degrees hotter than yesterday," we read, and at the news we all but collapse. We become infected with the universal discomfort, and wonder when we and the rest of the inhabitants of this earthly inferno will reach breaking-point. We hear a great deal about the influence of propaganda nowadays, and I am sure that no propaganda has more influence over the imagination than newspaper propaganda about the weather. If I were of a suspicious nature, I should believe that it was largely a doctors' and chemists' ramp.

Not that I wish to suggest that, in the absence of printed news, I did not realise that it was rather cold during the recent cold snap. As a rule I hate sitting in a room with a closed window, but when the cold snap arrived I found myself peculiarly tolerant of those who loathe fresh air. I not only tolerated them but aided and abetted them as they closed out the east wind and the north wind and any other draught that happened to be blowing. I often said to myself as the chill of the ice penetrated even the windows and the black-out curtains: "This will be good for the garden." But I never for a moment felt that it was good for me. One day I even said to myself: "It's cold enough to wear gloves," and on that particular day I put on a pair of gloves shamelessly, though they are a piece of clothing that I dislike as I dislike mufflers and overshoes. This happened only once, however, for, as the return of the Ice Age was not reported in the papers, I did not feel nearly so cold as I have felt on scores of occasions in other winters. After all, I saw the flower-seller at the street-corner sitting through it all selling his pots of white heather and his bunches of mimosa, and, if he could do this and remain cheerful with the east wind blowing round him, it seemed reasonable to conclude that the weather was not so piercingly cold as it had seemed while one was sitting in an armchair by the fire.

And, now that I have read all about the cold snap in the papers and have learned that it was the worst that has been known since 1924, I am more than ever inclined to think that extremes of weather are nothing to worry about if only we have the sense not to worry about them. I can remember the prolonged frost and snow of 1894 well, and I am sure I was never happier in my life. Bliss was it in that frost to be alive, and to be young was very Heaven. Even to a novice on skates, who had but lately acquired the power to maintain his balance on the frozen surface of the Bog Meadows, a day of twenty-four hours seemed too short. One could have gone on skating among a populace of skaters till the end of the world. We were all Mercuries—at least, those of us who did not tumble—flying about under the moon. There were masters of the art, cutting figures on the ice with a grace never excelled by the greatest stars of the ballet. And I still doubt whether there was ever any ballet produced in a theatre that was lovelier as a spectacle than good skating. It may be that our parents at the time were perturbed by thoughts about burst water-pipes and such things. We did not care whether all the water-pipes on earth were burst if we could go on living in this Elysium of rhythm and speed.

I fancy, indeed, that the human being, till he begins to think too much about plumbing and his material interests, is naturally inclined to enjoy all kinds of weather. I doubt whether children —well-clothed and well-housed children—if left to themselves, would regard any kind of weather as wholly bad. Confined to the house on a wet day, they can enjoy the spectacle of the rain through the window. Weather seen through a window—what is there lovelier in the memories of childhood? Snow, hail, rain, sunshine and storm—they were all exciting and entrancing phenomena in which the individual snowflake, the individual hailstone, the individual raindrop became a little world by itself to the imagination. Probably we should have enjoyed even thunder and lightning had we not been nurse-trained to hear in thunder the voice of divine wrath at our sins and to see in the lightning a demon that might be tempted to strike us dead even by the proximity of a pair of scissors. In those days and in those parts, no woman went on with her sewing during a thunderstorm. To do so was thought, by a peculiar twist of the mind, to be tempting Providence.

Gales, again, had their terrors, though not always unpleasant terrors. There is a certain agreeable excitement in being roused from one's bed at midnight and taken downstairs to sit among one's elders by the fire while roof-tops and chimney-pots have become the playthings of the fury of the elements. Any excuse to sit up late is good when one is too young to imagine disaster. Being older, I no longer care for gales, though I confess, when I was last in a gale at sea I could sympathise with those hardier spirits who gaze from the deck on the beauty of swirling moonlit waters with the ship again and again halted and held, yet ploughing through them with the daring of a leaping salmon. On the whole, however, whether by land or sea, I am on the side of calm weather. I am no natural rough-and-tumbler, either on the earth or on the ocean.

Permanent good weather, indeed, is what more and more I ask. Not monotonous weather, but weather that, though infinitely various, is never too hot and never too cold, never too wet and never too dry, never too stagnant and never too stormy. Monotonous sunshine I should hate as I should hate monotonous ice. If I were a millionaire, nothing would tempt me less than an advertisement of a "Land of Perpetual Sunshine." Perhaps, on the whole, the climate of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales is the best. I once heard an ardent English Tory maintaining this and declaring that it was the anti-patriotic Liberal press that had spread the idea that England was an island of fogs with an unsatisfactory climate. Luckily, during the recent cold snap, the Liberal press was, so far as the weather was concerned, censored. It was not allowed to tell us, as no doubt it would have liked to tell us, that we were all but frozen stiff. As a result, we came through the ordeal fairly well. We did not know how cold we were, so we did not worry. Still, I do remember that day on which, feeling that something was amiss, I, against all my better instincts, put on my Christmas-present gloves.

Y. Y.

Miscellany

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

A ONE-STORIED farmhouse somewhere in New England lies open before you like a doll's house: two bedrooms above a kitchen below. There is also a foreground; alas, we can hardly see the elms. The date of events is somewhere about 1850. The land is sour and stony. Only the fanatical perseverance of old Ephraim Cabot, now in his seventy-sixth year, could have made a living out of it. He is deeply religious. Man makes his god in his own image, and Ephraim's god is "hard and lonesome," like himself. He once had a chance of cultivating easy land, but *his* god dwells in stones. He has the virtues and vices of a worshipper of a God of Stone: strength, harshness and an egotism which is sometimes despicable, sometimes impressive. He adores the creation of his own hands, and as with men who have brought something into being through years of pain and effort, ownership has grown in him to be a holy feeling. He had married twice and begotten three sons, two by his first wife, one by his second, and he has made slaves of them from childhood—for the farm's sake, just as he worked their mothers to death. The farm has been more to him than women or children. Neither of his wives understood his fanatical devotion to the soil which he has made fruitful, neither the good wife who bore him Simeon and Peter, nor the "soft" one, the mother of the youngest, Eben, who inherited

her need of tenderness and now is seething with grief, bitterness and revolt. His hatred of his father, which in a measure is shared by his half-brothers, has now reached an almost hysterical pitch owing to his believing that the land had been redeemed with his mother's money, and therefore does by right belong to him. Eben has more of his father in him than he can bear to think, though he is a weaker character.

When the curtain goes up the old man has been absent some months. For the last time, Spring had stirred his blood, making his " lonesomeness " intolerable, so he had put on his black best clothes and driven off in search of a third wife. The first act shows how Eben bribed his brothers to surrender their claims to the farm and go off to California, and how old Ephraim brought " Abbie " back, bought with the bribe of a home—a youngish widow with a hunger for happiness still in her. It is, of course, between Abbie Putnam and Eben that " desire " is kindled " under the elms." The rare merit of this play is that we never for an instant doubt the strength of feeling which forces these two starved creatures into each others arms—Eben in spite of hatred for her as the supplanter of his mother and perhaps the future thief of his inheritance. It is passion—not the mere *ersatz* which we usually have to put up with on the stage, and it is admirably interpreted by Mr. Stephen Murray and Miss Beatrix Lehmann, on her side with a subtlety and variety of expression which may well make those scenes dwell in the memories of all who go to the Westminster Theatre; notably the dialogue at night in the farm-parlour which precedes their love-embrace, the scene between them at sunrise outside, when she manages to suggest the release, the rest and the unselfish gaiety of passion satisfied, and that scene of frantic despair (essential to making Abbie's resolve to kill their child convincing) when she fails to convince Eben that she loves and did not trick him into begetting a heir for his father: " O Abbie, how could you be as bad as that! " But passion between man and woman is not the only passion in the play. The primitive passion to " possess " things, the hunger to own property, runs through it. It is significant that the last words of all, spoken by the sheriff who takes the lovers to prison, should be, " It's a jim-dandy farm. Wish I *owned* it." In old Ephraim that passion is, as I hinted, indistinguishable from his devotion to his Stone God; in Abbie it is a desperate clutch upon " a home "; in Eben it is mixed with a longing for revenge and a morbid sense of justice. And it is the conflict of these two passions, sex and the craving to possess property, that brings about the tragedy.

There are three scenes in which Mr. Mark Dignam's acting in the part of Ephraim Cabot is surprisingly good: when he makes Abbie kneel with him and pray for a son. (Watch, too, Miss Beatrix Lehmann's face then!); when the old man in their bedroom pours out his lonely heart to her while she lies listening to every sound that reaches her through the partition wall from Eben's room; and when Ephraim, mad with joy, amid the unconcealed mockery of the neighbours, dances frantically at the christening feast. Mr. Dignam could not, nor could the rest of the cast, manage the New England dialect. He tried to substitute for the dry-drawl (so important if much of the dialogue is to seem natural) a staccato manner of speech which at times grew monotonous, but he acted with a really imaginative conception of the part. The " doll's house " presentation of the farm, all the rooms being visible at the same time, has the advantage of an Elizabethan stage with its upper-scene, which Mr. Granville Barker in his *Prefaces to Shakespeare* has expounded so clearly, showing us how Shakespeare used that device to obtain dramatic contrasts. Eugene O'Neill also uses it with that effect. We can watch Eben lying tortured with desire on his bed, while his father, sitting on Abbie's, is trying to make her understand him—and Eben bending over the cradle above while old Ephraim is capering in the kitchen below.

The movement towards the dramatic climax is admirably swift. When Abbie confesses to Eben's horror that she has stifled their child to show she never tricked him, but loves him even more than her baby and security, he rushes for the sheriff. But afterwards he believes, and recognises, it was his wild, furious suspicion that drove her to that mad act. He insists on sharing the guilt. In the last scene the lovers go to their fate together, " all passion spent " and like two children. What will stay with me is the beauty of Miss Beatrix Lehmann's acting. The play is a play of poetic realism: as a dramatist, in his treatment of situation, O'Neill is a poet; but alas, and this is his weakness, he has not a poet's command of words.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE DODO

A Dodo in St. James's Park
Would certainly excite remark;
Just here and now there is no place
For members of an extinct race.

And yet, within a quarter-mile
Men act and think in dodo style,
And never wonder why or how
The dodo failed to live till now.

Now tell me, which do you prefer
A Dodo, or a Minister?

E. MARY NICHOLSON

NEW MUSIC

THE first orchestral concert of the London Contemporary Music Centre was given at 5.30 last Tuesday at the Aeolian Hall with the Boyd Neel orchestra. The first item on the programme was a Concerto for String Orchestra by Mr. Herbert Howells which had not been performed before. In the past I have often had the impression from Mr. Howell's compositions that he was straining after a style that was not natural to him. Both his harmony and rhythms seemed forced, and as with so many contemporary composers a striving after striking effects and an effort to avoid conventionality were more obvious than any spontaneous musical qualities. But in this new concerto Mr. Howells has got free from this affectation and has written in what seems his true vein. He is not a composer of striking originality, and now that he has abandoned the attempt to appear so his true merits come through clearly. He is an academic composer in the best sense of the adjective; for what is conspicuous in his new concerto is its excellent craftsmanship. The texture is throughout even; there is no straining after bizarre effects; the harmony is nevertheless fresh and shows a lively critical musicianship at work constantly avoiding what is stale or banal. This is the sort of music which justifies a musician being a composer, and I should imagine that a gifted student might learn a good deal from Mr. Howells.

It was stated on the programme that Mr. Benjamin Britten's cycle for voice and strings, a setting of Rimbaud's *Les Illuminations*, was being given its first performance, but this is not the case, as I heard the work performed about a year ago. A second hearing only confirmed my first impression that this is a truly remarkable composition and justifies the expectation of great things from Mr. Britten. I know of no modern composition by a British composer that has impressed me so favourably as this.

It is significant that Mr. Britten has chosen what may be described as " prose-poems "; for although the definite rhythms of verse may often suggest melodic ideas to a composer, these definite verse rhythms are a form of bondage in which the composer cannot move very freely. It is not surprising, therefore, that the best settings of verse belong to a rather early stage in the history of music. In many folk-songs the words and music seem to be inseparably wedded and very often they must have originated simultaneously. Even among the early song writers such a composer as Campion was able

to write both the words and the music. Schubert in his overpowering flood of original melodic ideas often did violence to the verse rhythms of the poems he used. In modern poetry the rhythms have become so subtle and the development of the vowel and consonantal harmonies so elaborate that it would seem impossible for any composer to tackle them successfully.

For example, a composer of any period might very well have set to music many of Mr. Walter de la Mare's verses out of *Peacock Pie*. A lot of these poems invite a musical setting, but it would have to be a setting as fresh, spontaneous and delicate as the poems themselves. But these are verses for children, even if they are enjoyed most by adults. When we come to Mr. de la Mare's more serious and complex poems, we find in them verbal music which it is difficult to imagine, not being destroyed by any other music.

These prose poems of Rimbaud, on the other hand, are not pieces of verbal music as de la Mare's lyrics are. They are expressions of mood, of thought, of dramatic ideas, and Mr. Britten has seized upon the content of each piece and has made a series of astonishingly vivid musical pictures. What strikes one at once is his truly musical invention and its copiousness. Each piece is a gem perfectly finished and original in character. Some are very short and it is astonishing what a lot Mr. Britten can say in a very little space. This is a sign of a fertile musical imagination. The variety of Mr. Britten's range in this work is another exceptional feature and in spite of this variety the writing for the voice is invariably vocal. He does not put a useless strain upon the singer by treating the voice as if it were no different from any other musical instrument.

And here I must add that he was admirably served by his soprano, Miss Sophie Wyss, whose range of tone-colour, accuracy of intonation, clear diction and command of a sustained lyrical line with dramatic intelligence mark her as a singer of exceptional gifts.

It was rather a trial for Mr. Lennox Berkeley and Lord Berners to have their latest compositions heard following Mr. Britten's. Lord Berners's "Adagio and Variations" and "Hornpipe" were made to sound perhaps excessively obvious. It cannot be said that Lord Berners handles the variation form with mastery, and in respect of craftsmanship his composition compares unfavourably also with Mr. Howell's. Mr. Lennox Berkeley's *Serenade* is light and tasteful music, but the *Andantino* does not get beyond the commonplace and the *Lento* is, I am afraid, rather dull. There was no time for the promised *Sinfonietta* by Albert Roussel, but the concert made an auspicious start to the work of the London Contemporary Music Centre, whose Hon. Sec. is Mrs. H. M. Hart, 2 Hill Road, N.W.8, from whom all particulars about future activities can be obtained.

W. J. TURNER

THREE EXHIBITIONS

THE Wildenstein Gallery is showing a collection of pictures of women by 35 contemporary painters, ranging from veterans such as Mr. Wilson Steer and Mr. Sickert to newly fledged graduates such as Mr. Laurence Gowing and Mr. Colin MacInnes. An excellent idea, but what an outburst of misogyny has resulted! No, not an outburst, a grumble or a groan—and there is no hatred of women here, such as thunders and lightens in the paintings of Rouault, but a mere sulky indifference. (I am talking of the general impression.) The painters, it seems, first pick an unengaging model, next place her in a clumsy attitude, against a dirty background, and then stand dutifully to their easels, gnawing the end of their paint-brushes, as schoolboys gnaw their pens, depressed very comprehensibly both by their subject and by what they are making of it, till at last their patience is exhausted, and the picture, obviously unfinished, is despatched to the framer. Are women less seductive now than they were in the times of Fra Angelico, of Botticelli, of Correggio, of Titian, of Rubens, of Watteau, of Tiepolo, of Goya, of Courbet, of Manet, of Renoir? No, it is the painters who, like dutiful seminarists, avert their eyes from feminine charms. Thirty years ago a necessary revolution in painting was in full swing. The vulgar painter of the second half of the nineteenth century had so subserved an ignorant public that a beautiful picture was commonly identified with a picture of a beautiful subject. It became necessary, therefore, to reaffirm that the value of an artist depended not on what he painted but on how he painted; and some great artists drove the point inescapably home by making admirable pictures from which almost all traces of representation had disappeared. As a result almost every educated critic under seventy years of age would now agree that representation was not essential in picture-making. But this does not mean that it is unimportant. Without these aesthetic qualities of design, colour and texture which have been called "significant form," a picture is not a work of art; but once this is present and the engine goes, so to speak, considerable extra horse-power can be obtained from the representation of appearances, and, what is more, from the suggestion of pleasing images. A majority of the finest pictures derive a part of their power over us from the beauty of the figures, or the scenes, they depict. Those artists indeed are exceptional who do not seek to infect us with the sensuous delight they have found in appearances. Renoir, indeed, went so far as to say that he painted with a part of the body which—how shall I put it?—which Berthe Morisot did not possess. How unlike the artists of the Euston Road! These include several painters possessed of uncommon gifts and the greatest integrity. They certainly no longer need to refute the Victorian heresy of naturalism—indeed they proclaim their devotion to the study of appearances, and regard with some disapproval, I believe, the imaginative excursions of a Picasso and a Braque. They will scrupulously paint only what they see—and they take pains not to see anything agreeable. This does not apply to Mr. Victor Pasmore. He likes a pretty flower, though he jibs at a pretty girl; or at least he jibs at making her look pretty—the model who sat for his *Girl in White Blouse* may in fact have a lovely head, which the artist has been at pains to dilapidate. Yet this hardly matters. His feeling for tone and his touch are so delicate that if he portrayed a bearded lady from a fair, the result would be as charming as a Boucher. His delight in painting is evident and infectious. Now consider the *chef d'école*, Mr. Coldstream. He here exhibits a portrait which I trust is unfinished: his talent is remarkable, as you can see from the delicate painting of the hands, and the head is undoubtedly solid, though the situation of the body on the chair is ill defined. The general effect seems to me deplorable, the pose is carefully ungraceful, the colour contrives to be both dull and discordant. This picture conveys no pleasure, indeed no emotion of any sort. Mr. Graham Bell's portrait is more felicitous, echoing Cézanne's grave harmonies but with a character of its own. The eyes and nose are very well drawn. Mr. Colin MacInnes's picture I also respect: the rectangles and the grey tones create a delicate frigidity that lingers in the memory. Mr. Gowing's *Communist's Wife* is swathed in a yellow fog, through which the sad rain pours perpendicular. Here are three gifted artists, all determined to be glum. Why this dour Calvinism? Is it due to a deficiency of temperament, or are their painterly feelings emasculated by some intellectual *parti pris*? There is a war, and Stalin has not behaved nicely to the Finns, and the economic situation of painters, goodness knows, is worse than ever. But an artist, unlike the rest of us, can see a world in a grain of sand, and a Heaven in a wild flower. Nobody expects him to proclaim that all is right with the world, but flowers are still flowers, nudes are still nudes, oil-paint is still oil-paint, and how voluptuous all of these can be! The painter is able to console himself with such realities, while other men have the job of considering abstractions, the Swastika over the Danube or the vicious spiral of wages and prices. Let him be tragic, by all means, but it is a paradox when he

becomes Puritanical. Painting is in its essence a sensuous activity.

The Wildenstein Exhibition contains a fine Sickert, a Wilson Steer, full of character though oddly provincial, a Matthew Smith, enormously exuberant, a Claude Rogers, beautiful especially in its lower half, a rather chaotic but rich and fanciful Alison Debenham, a charming Devas in the *dix-huitième* style and a little du Plessis that whistles a taking French tune.

At the Lefevre Gallery a mixed show contains a number of excellent works by well-known painters, including a beautifully fresh and spontaneous landscape by Vanessa Bell, a *Monster Shore*, effectively strange, by Paul Nash, one of John Piper's best architectural pieces, and two fine Duncan Grants, a little *Venus* in his happiest style and a delicate still life, *Roses and Fan*. Ivon Hitchens has a pleasing picture (still too slight); Kenneth Rowntree's glimpse of *Fécamp*, Katherine Church's sturdy *Savernake Forest*, and a small landscape by John Aldridge are all worth attention. Then there are two painters new to me, W. S. Hudson with a prosaic, honest, carefully painted landscape, and W. B. Henderson with a good and personal *Still Life*. But of works by the less known painters the most impressive in my opinion is Quentin Bell's landscapes. Here is a young painter who enjoys his medium with no inhibitions; his paint has a Courbet richness, which infects us with the artist's gusto. Finally, I am glad to report that Mr. Ben Nicholson has, at any rate for the moment, deserted his plumbing appliances in favour of Cornish landscapes. He paints charmingly, and his gift, like Sir William Nicholson's, appears to be for delicacy rather than for experiment.

Rodrigo Moynihan, who has a one-man show at the Redfern Galleries, is a young artist whose form I have been following with admiration and some anxiety. One never wonders whether his talent may not be for mathematics or the Ministry—he was born to handle pigment. He attacks the canvas lovingly, with energy and tenderness, his sensuous paint expressing a physical enjoyment of the visible world. A ribbon or a frock, snow, the pink of a crustacean, a nude, the reflections in a pool, set his brush skating over the canvas, but it limps dismally when he is confronted with a business man. This may be a good sign, as otherwise there might be a danger of such an artist declining, like the gifted McEvoy, into a professional charmer. If he could pretend to like other people's looks as well as he likes his own (see the admirable self-portrait), he might be tempted by the Royal Academy. This exhibition is reassuring. His debt to Manet is unconcealed, but in pictures like *The Grindstone*, *Roses*, *A London Garden*, *Still Life with Fish*, *Victor Pasmore* and *Flowers and Onions* you recognise individuality. He paints usually in rather a low key, showing a love of shadowy places. The finest thing in the show is a snow-scene, *Garden at Monksbury*—I do not know of a more painterly work by any artist of Mr. Moynihan's generation. His art is frank, spirited and sensuous: it has, in fact, the virtues of youth, so that one can reasonably hope that it will attain the virtues of maturity.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Killycregg in Twilight," at the Torch

When Lennox Robinson writes a play and W. G. Fay produces it, one expects something worthy of the Abbey, if not quite of the Poets' Corner, and this self-consciously mellow study of nostalgia with a brogue proves more than a little disappointing. Killycreggs, the big house of a minor squirearchal family in Connemara, is so far in twilight that the Lady trades in vegetables and is prepared to marry the upstart owner of a local garage. Her unworldly sister and their pleasantly gawkish nephew are still obsessed by the family's vanished glories, and the theme of the play is the resulting conflict between romantic inclination and stubborn fact. Miss Moyna Macgill makes the hard-headed, soft-hearted heroine credible and sympathetic; Mr. Grenville Darling is a local doctor so richly typical that he really belongs to the *Irish R.M.*; Mr. John Bland is wickedly poetical as an immemorial old poacher; and Miss Winifred Willard is at her delightful best in a deplorably small part. Mr. John McCormick, as the risen garage man, was, unfortunately, not quite vigorous enough to point the contrast upon which the play depends; while Mr. Basil Coleman's Young Master trailed rather more clouds of glory than his admittedly difficult part demanded. *Killycreggs in Twilight* is an amusing collection of incidents, but lacks the purpose that distinguishes pleasant chatter from dramatic dialogue. It is drawing-room comedy in a slightly unfamiliar society, and although it is quietly entertaining one cannot forget the great comparisons its setting and dialect suggest.

"The Wizard of Oz," at the Empire

The book of *The Wizard of Oz* is as common in American homes as is *Mein Kampf* in German. American children, and American adults in search of the past, probably found this film a pleasing reminder of the book; but for the British public the story has none of the charm of familiarity, and the film is a not altogether happy introduction to this American Alice in the Wonderland of Oz. The most active imagination could not have bettered the film's version of the Scarecrow, the Tin Man, or the Cowardly Lion, all three triumphs of make-up and interpretation; nor could anything more horrid have been devised than the Wicked Witch of the West and her minions—unless one takes into consideration the Wonderful Land of Oz. Suggestive of neon-lit cocktail bars mixed with Arthur Rackham illustrations, and *Things To Come*, it gives full play to Technicolor, trick photography and bad taste, and must be unsatisfactory to adult and child alike. The production is lavish to the point of ostentation, and there is a host of talented players, the best being Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Margaret Hamilton as the Wicked Witch. Billie Burke makes a delightful conventional Good Witch, but Judy Garland as the heroine is obviously built for maturer roles. The film is most definitely and exclusively a children's entertainment, and for the Censor to have certified it A, seems to be wanton cruelty to adults.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, February 3rd—
- Fabian Conference on Food Policy, Kenilworth Hotel, 2.15. And on February 4th. Particulars from Fabian Society.
- David Percival: "An Architect Visits the U.S.S.R." Cheddar Roast Restaurant, Great Russell Street, 3.
- Chamber Music Concert, Morley College, 3.

SUNDAY, February 4th——
- W. B. Curry: "Some Aspects of the Population Problem," Conway Hall, 11.
- London Film Institute Show, Tatler Theatre, 2.30.
- Beecham Concert, Queen's Hall, 2.45.
- Concert in aid of the Finland Fund, Queen Mary Hall, 3. Tickets 7s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.

MONDAY, February 5th—
- Poetry Recital, Central Hall, 1.15. In aid of Red Cross.
- W. I. Jennings: "Political Problems of Federation," Canterbury Hall, 5.
- W. Pickles: "Will France Go Totalitarian?" Trade Union Club, 7.45. Admission 6d.

TUESDAY, February 6th—
- Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond: "The War at Sea," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
- Rev. H. Carter: "The Church in Wartime," Friends House, 1.20.
- Second *Art for the People* Exhibition, Branch Library, Church Lane, Leytonstone. Till March 9th.
- G. Soloveytchik: "The Economic and Social Conditions of the Northern Countries," Canterbury Hall, 5.
- Dr. H. Mannheim: "Foreign Penal Systems," 8 Portman St., 6.30.
- Prof. J. B. S. Haldane: "Gaps in our Aid-Raid Protection," Friends Meeting House, Heath Street, N.W.3, 8.30.
- "Jeannie," Torch.

WEDNESDAY, February 7th—
- Ernest Davies: "The Failure of the Capitalist System," Dick Sheppard Centre. 8.

THURSDAY, February 8th—
- Lunchtime Concert of Music and Poetry, Queen Mary Hall, 1-2.
- London Philharmonic Orchestra and many well-known Artistes, Queens Hall, 7.
- John Eaton: "Who Pays for the War?" 2 Keats Grove, 7.45.
- Ballet Rambert, Arts.

FRIDAY, February 9th—
- Song Recital by Keith Falkner, Birkbeck College, 1.
- Prof. H. J. Laski: "Functions of Federation," Canterbury Hall, 5.
- Dr. H. Pevsuer: "Art and Early Christianity," Birkbeck College, 5.30.

Correspondence

CONDITIONS IN FRANCE

SIR,—Having read, week after week, the numerous criticisms directed by a certain section of the English Left Wing against both the arrest of Communists and the internment camps established in France, I suggest that such critics, before protesting so loudly, should have weighed the following facts.

(1) Disbandment of a political party and suppression of its organs are entirely constitutional measures which the Government and the Parliament can take at any time. The *Croix de Feu*, a Fascist party, was suppressed in a period of peace over two years ago, and when a group of its members tried to bring off the C.S.A.R. *coup*, they were arrested and punished for illegal activities. Not only did no Left-wing Party in England or France protest against these sentences, but Socialists and advanced Liberals alike maintained that the repression was not sufficiently vigorous. Why should a party avowedly taking its orders from a hostile alien power, Soviet Russia, not be suppressed, when another party has already *been* suppressed—a party which, however pernicious it was, certainly did not take its orders from Nazi Germany?

(2) A law was passed by the British Parliament in 1939, enabling the police to arrest on suspicion presumed members of the I.R.A. in England, and to deport them without trial. This step was taken in peacetime, with the entire approval of public opinion. It would be well to remember this before indulging in outcries against measures adopted by France in wartime—measures, moreover, which involve open trial in every case before judgment is given.

(3) Concerning the internment of foreigners. As far as I am aware, England has admitted some 75,000 refugees, very grudgingly, subjecting them to very heavy restrictions, such as previous financial guarantees, refusal of permission to work in many professions, etc., etc. France counted, just before the war, more than four million foreigners, the great majority of whom were refugees who had been allowed to enter *without any kind of guarantee*, simply because they were opposed to, or persecuted by, their home Governments—Russian, German, Italian, Austrian, Spanish, and others. For years they were permitted to work as they liked, and even when unemployment among the French themselves was alarmingly widespread, it was not too difficult to obtain a "carte de travail," or to go on relief, or to come to some friendly arrangement with employers, by which the official regulations were circumvented. The French authorities were extremely easy-going in such matters (too much so), and the French population at large was very pitiful and willing to help. I have yet to learn that destitute foreigners ever received the dole in England, or that the British police ever connived at any evasion of the alien laws. I live in a part of France swamped by refugees of all sorts, and I vouch publicly for the fact that the special commissariats were always tolerant in applying the rules. I myself, without interference from the police, employed foreign labour instead of French.

In practice it was quite impossible to sort out friendly aliens from inimical foreign agents at the beginning of the war; and it was equally impossible to run the risk of allowing spies to act unchecked. Hence the régime of internment which was instituted last September. An investigation, however, into each individual case began last October, and is being conducted by an inter-ministerial committee. The old and the ailing have already been released from the camps.

(4) With regard to the discomfort reigning in the internment camps—well, (*a*) the French have not an outstanding gift for prompt organisation, even for their own affairs. (*b*) The conditions vary from place to place. My caretaker, for instance, an Austrian painter—now released—complained only of the cold in the two camps he was sent to—the food, he says, was adequate, and the treatment kind. (By the way, his Odyssey is a case in point. For political reasons, he escaped from Vienna immediately after the Anschluss; he was driven first out of Belgium, next out of Denmark; he was asked by the authorities to leave Sweden, and was refused permission to land in England. The French admitted him with no visa-ed passport, no guarantees, no financial resources at all. Not only did he settle down in France, but he was not prevented from becoming the paid supervisor of my property.) (*c*) At a moment when the vital preoccupations of a nation are war, the welfare of the fighting troops, and the relief of their families, there is neither very much leisure nor very much money to spend on the refugees. Of course, one is sorry for their plight and hopes it will be ameliorated—as is being already done—but anyhow, they are better off in the French internment camps than in the concentration camps of their own countries; and in a world whose essence is inexorable injustice, it seems to me that they are relatively fortunate in suffering only from an injustice which is neither permanent nor mortal.

ODETTE KEUN

London, W.1.

MR. CHURCHILL AND THE NEUTRALS

SIR,—Will you allow me to add a few remarks to your article on "Mr. Churchill and the Neutrals"?

First. No useful purpose can be served by referring at the present time to the sanctionist clauses of the Covenant or to collective security. As early as July, 1936, the small Western democratic States, except Belgium, declared that "as long as the Covenant was incompletely applied," they could no longer consider themselves bound by a literal interpretation of Article 16. A few months later, Belgium expressed her desire to be released from her obligations under Locarno and her attitude received the formal approval of Great Britain and France who, nevertheless, maintained their guarantee. Ever since, these States have declared again and again their intention of remaining neutral, in case of conflict, and of defending their independence to the last. This disintegration of the League system may be regrettable, but it is not a new development. It started when Japan was allowed to invade and occupy Manchuria.

Secondly. It might be wiser in any further controversy—and such controversy is unfortunately bound to arise—to mention clearly the neutrals against whom the criticisms are directed. The United States, Italy and Japan are not, for instance, in the same position as the Oslo Powers, on the one side, and the small States of Central and Eastern Europe, on the other. When the writer of the article alludes to the unfavourable response of a "neutral press forced for years to sing to the Nazi tune," and to a "neutrality well on the German side of the scale," it might be useful to know which country or countries he has in mind.

Thirdly. Everybody agrees that the truth, however unpalatable, is wholesome food, but it must be clearly expressed and it must be told with the same bluffness or courtesy to all neutral nations, whether they are far or near, whether they are strong or weak, whether a great deal or very little depends on their future policy. Otherwise the speaker or the writer might lay himself open to the reproach of inconsistency.

EMILE CAMMAERTS

SCIENCE AND THE U.S.S.R.

SIR,—Professor Hill has now added his voice to the chorus of denunciation of the Soviet Union, which, if it is sufficiently loud, may succeed in dragging Britain into a war with that country as well as Germany, and thus making a British victory in the present war less probable. As a geneticist I wish to deal with "the fact that Russian geneticists are torn by faction about the application of dialectical materialism to genetics," whereas "genetics in the United States is not confused by arguments about dialectical materialism."

In the Soviet Union Vavilov and other geneticists have been attacked because their theories were unduly mechanistic. My late father attacked some of his British colleagues on the same grounds. They did not lose their posts, nor had Vavilov up to September 1st of last year. I think that the discussion regarding the applicability of mechanistic ideas to biology is ultimately likely to clarify genetics rather than to confuse it. In the United States (as in Britain) genetics is seriously confused by the arguments concerning eugenics. On the one hand a group of propagandists wish to apply Nazi methods of sterilisation and racial discrimination. On the other hand Catholics violently oppose even voluntary sterilisation, and deny the possibility of hereditary criminal tendencies.

Meanwhile, however, genetical research proceeds on a vast scale both in the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. The latter country leads the world in experimental work on domestic animals such as the sheep. I do not claim that research is absolutely untrammelled in either of these states. In each of them I can name one good geneticist who has lost his post for grounds which have nothing to do with genetics. But similar cases have occurred in the British Empire. Dr. Harland believed that a British woman

of Chinese origin might carry genes as desirable as those of a whiter-skinned woman. He put his theory into practice by marrying her. This piece of *Rassenschande* was one ground for his dismissal from Trinidad. J. B. S. HALDANE

Gower Street, W.C.1.

WAR AIMS AND SECURITY

SIR,—In the note which Mr. Crossman has appended to my letter in your last issue, he refers to his difficulty in understanding how an avowed pacifist like myself can "sponsor Federal Union or any other plan which involves the use of force." This puts me in the embarrassing position of having to point out that, if Mr. Crossman had read almost anything which I have written in the last two or three years, he would have known that I am not one of those pacifists who objects to the use of force in all circumstances. I have explained on a number of occasions, and more particularly and explicitly in a Penguin Special published last May, entitled *Why War ?*, that since I believe all governments to be founded upon force (founded in a carefully explained sense of the word "founded"), I concede that an international government would require a backing of force. I supported the League so long as it looked like the blue print of the first sketch of an international government and not like an alliance of *status quo* powers, and would be prepared to accord similar support to any other candidate which qualified, however remotely, for the role of international and not of national government. Mr. Crossman errs in thinking that all pacifists hold the same opinions, and that he knows *a priori* what they are. C. E. M. JOAD

[Mr. Crossman replies: Dr. Joad's reply that he does not object to the use of force in all circumstances puzzles me. It means, I presume, that he is prepared for killing by the police force of the International Government in the interests of its security. But in that case, why did he castigate me for approving the French thesis that you cannot defend your internal civilisation unless you are prepared to defend civilisation beyond your frontiers? Why did he argue that such an attitude was in itself a cause of war? Why does he object to my suggestion that after this war Europe will need policing, and we must be prepared to play our part?—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE U.S.S.R. AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA

SIR,—I should be grateful if you would permit me to make the following comments on your editorial note of January 20th bearing on Czechoslovakia, which seems to me to be based either on incomplete information or on an incorrect appreciation of the situation.

(1) *The request received by M. Fierlinger, Czechoslovak Minister in Moscow, to regard his mission at an end.* M. Fierlinger, who was in Moscow as Czechoslovak Minister at the time of Munich, remained there in that capacity as representative of the post-Munich Czechoslovak Republic. Immediately that Republic was *de facto* disrupted, in March, 1939, and part of it (Bohemia-Moravia) was made a Protectorate of Germany, M. Fierlinger went to Paris, presumably to establish contact with the *shadow* Provisional Government which is now in process of becoming recognised as such by Britain and France, but *not* by the U.S.S.R. On his return to Moscow, M. Fierlinger was still treated by the Soviet Government in his former capacity, since the Soviet Government did not recognise the virtual annexation of Bohemia-Moravia to the Reich, but must, in effect, have been there as diplomatic representative of Dr. Benes' National Committee—even before its formal recognition by Britain and France. So long as there was some prospect of the realisation of a "Peace Front" against Nazi aggression, this situation remained tenable, but after the outbreak of this war, which the Soviet Government regards, rightly or wrongly, as an imperialist war between Germany and the Western Powers, and after the declaration by Dr. Benes that, so far as he was concerned, the Czechoslovak peoples would participate in that war as allies of the Western Powers, it was clear that M. Fierlinger's position could no longer be maintained. M. Fierlinger had ceased, so far as the Soviet Government was concerned, to be, as you still describe him, "the Czech Ambassador in Moscow." In the meanwhile, the intentions of the Comintern with regard to Czechoslovakia has been very clearly and unambiguously stated in a declaration of the Communist Parties of Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia, i.e. the liberation of the Czechoslovak peoples from subjection to *any* Imperialism *or to their own bourgeoisie*, and there has been formed, I understand, in Moscow another Czechoslovak Committee, headed by Professor Zdenek Nejedly, which is favoured, and which may by now have been accorded some form of official recognition, by the Soviet Government. Under such circumstances, it would surely seem that the dismissal of M. Fierlinger, himself a staunch Social-Democrat, can be explained otherwise than as a recognition of German aggression in Czechoslovakia.

(2) *The establishment of diplomatic relations between the U.S.S.R. and the Slovak Republic.* This act, though in fact it implies a recognition of the puppet regime in Slovakia, is probably merely an essential tactical preliminary, such as the Soviet Government would perform with the Government of Bohemia-Moravia if there were one, to the development of activities in pursuance of the aims of the Comintern, to which I have referred above. As such it may be regarded by many as a good move, though it must, of course, displease those who regard the London-Paris Committee as representative of the Slovak people.

I would be the last to wish to cause any embarrassment to the Czechoslovaks in the very difficult conditions under which they must manoeuvre, but many of my friends among them will recall that I warned them, in vain, of Munich, as much as two years before it fell upon them. To these in particular I would say that a leopard cannot change his spots—even if, which is unlikely, he should wish to do so. Small States like Czechoslovakia can be tolerated in a world of monopoly capitalism only under conditions which no decent Czechoslovak would tolerate. Czechoslovakia was destroyed because she was considered by the real rulers of the British and French Empires to be *too democratic;* her destruction was rendered possible largely because she was just *not democratic enough.* May I suggest that *that* is the lesson of Munich, and express a hope that it has been learned?

61 Upper Berkeley Street, EDGAR P. YOUNG,
London, W.1. Lieutenant-Commander, R.N. Retired

[It is not clear in what particulars Commander Young finds our information incomplete: that it is not to his taste is another matter. Admitting that the Czechoslovak Ambassador (a Socialist who helped to negotiate the Soviet Pact) has been told by the Soviet Government that he is no longer wanted in Moscow, he argues that this does not imply recognition of the German conquest, because since the war "he ceased, *so far as the Soviet Government was concerned*, to be Ambassador." This is an interesting novelty in International Law. If the U.S.S.R. does not recognise the previous Czechoslovak Government, as it did from March 15th until the outbreak of war, whom does it recognise as sovereign in the Protectorate? Perhaps Professor Nejedly with his committee in Moscow, who seems akin to our old Finnish friend, M. Kuusinen? But Commander Young does not draw the analogy.

As for the exchange of Ambassadors between "autonomous" Slovakia and the U.S.S.R., Commander Young explains this as "an essential tactical preliminary . . . to the development of Comintern activities." We all have our own taste in circumlocutions, but meantime Stalin has, as we stated, recognised Slovakia. Lastly, Commander Young warns the Czechoslovaks against confidence in this country on the ground that a leopard cannot change its spots. But which is preferable: a British leopard or a Russian chameleon?—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"SADISTIC"

SIR,—Is it not time that some limit was put to the increasingly loose use of the word "sadistic"? The film treatment of a lady's return from Germany is described from the Government benches of the House of Lords as "sadistic." Recently, the same adjective was applied in an official publication to the brutality of Nazi concentration camps. Unless all cruelty is sadistic and *vice versa*, the word is becoming a meaningless term of abuse.

In fact, "sadism" has a precise and limited meaning. It is the active aspect of algolagnia, i.e., the psychological association of pain with the stimulation of the sexual impulse. Sadists are not necessarily cruel. We have it on Havelock Ellis's authority that they may be quite tender-hearted outside the sexual sphere, and that even within it the satisfaction of the victim is generally essential to their own. Even the arch-prophet of this anomaly, the "divine Marquis" himself, had little to his discredit so far as cruelty in real life was concerned. On the other hand, he went out of his way, and incurred considerable risk, to save his wife's extremely objectionable relations from the guillotine, although he had spent many years in prison under *lettres de cachet* taken out at their instance.

Sadism is only rarely cruel, and not all cruelty is sadistic. There is no reason to suppose that Judge Jeffreys was a Sadist. Even sexually motivated cruelty may not be sadistic. For instance,

the persecution of the young and the beautiful by the old and the ugly (not infrequently observed among women) is often sexually motivated, but it is not properly described as sadistic.

Loose speaking and loose thinking about these matters only create prejudice and breed further evil.

"Furzedown," Green Lane, ALEC CRAIG
St. Albans.

CIVIL AVIATION

SIR,—Your leading article advocating the development of British civil aviation "while the war is being fought" is bound to provoke attention, controversy and support. It is, however, timely and necessary and the British aircraft press has long been speaking in a somewhat similar strain.

As was stated in *Flight* of January 4th, referring to the export trade in civil aircraft: "If the war is short, there is no need to stop our civil development—if it is long we cannot afford to stop it, for the longer it is the more will other nations have forged ahead and consolidated themselves in all the export markets."

The point I wish to make (after agreeing that our primary resolve must be the winning of the war) is that, in my opinion, the development of the British civil side of flying can play as important a part in wartime as afterwards.

All the tributes which have been so well deserved by our Mercantile Marine might be equally well shared by services rendered by a Mercantile Air Fleet. For instance, under wartime conditions, Pan-American Airways is actually carrying more than half the mail coming to Europe from the United States, and recent loads have been larger than ever.

Great Britain needs services of mail-passenger-cargo aircraft which are able to deal with the existing and potential air traffic. Although it may be argued that this is taking the "long view," it is essential for our plans to be made *now*.

ALFRED INSTONE

U.S.S.R. AND FINLAND

SIR,—The Russo-Finnish war has now been going on for several weeks. It seems a pity that so much human misery could not have been avoided. Surely the Prime Minister and Sir Horace Wilson could have flown to Moscow, if necessary three times, and presented to Herr Stalin the Karelian Isthmus, where Russia's "special position" must be recognised? Thus could peace have been secured, not only in our time, but with honour.

Later, no doubt, a suitable villa in Putney might have been acquired for the use of General von Mannerheim.

ROBERT JORDAN

THE ISOLATIONISTS

SIR,

Though Senator Borah is dead,
One hears it occasionally said
That his Public expands
In the capable hands
Of Mr. Duff Cooper instead.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME

BLEST PAIR . .

SIR,—Your contributor, Mr. Clive Bell (in the article published in your issue of January 6th) attempts to examine some of the opinions of a very eminent painter, Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A., opinions expressed by Mr. Munnings in letters to the *Times*. Actually the article appears to the most impartial reader as an *attack* on this famous painter, and an attack of particularly loathly character, for it is *not* a criticism of the art of Munnings, but really an attempt to establish Clive Bell's superior qualifications as assessor of the status of artists to-day, or of any day, and by means of quite exceptionally clever innuendo (for Mr. Bell is very talented as a writer) to suggest that both as artist and critic Munnings is a "mediocrity." But innuendo is innuendo, and abuse is abuse, and Clive Bell, who, I believe, regards himself as an "Art" critic, tells us nothing about the art of Munnings, but a good deal about Clive Bell. If, instead of babbling his praise of abstractionist "Art" which apparently causes Clive Bell to tremble, and which he appears too afraid of to criticise, and instead of jabbering about the inability of *his* betters to judge of their contemporaries he would give us a taste of *his* quality *as a critic* (and especially of the "*great*" art which *so* terrifies him) perhaps we, for our part, should be better able to assess *him* as a critic and *servant* of the great visual Arts. His ability to write well, in a style based on the *best* eighteenth-century models *is* apparent. But evidently, Clive Bell has a most plentiful lack of ideas, and the characteristically energetic reply from Munnings in this week's issue of your most distinguished paper (which reply, in justice to the artist, you print in full, not that his letter seems long, but you have generously given him a column and a quarter of your most valuable space, he having used it with most entertaining effectiveness) is justification of this comment. One needs only to compare the solid and enduring achievement of Munnings, a most eminent and virile painter, with the blather of the so-called "Art" critics of our day to realise that the practitioner (and the practitioner is the very first to respect *genuine* criticism, and also the *most* tolerant of abuse) *if* he cares, can, and will, put the *incompetent critic* in his place, as this historic example now shows, *his* place being, in this case, among the comical-entertaining-hypocritical-abusive writers of these (in "Art" journalism) costermonger times.

The irritation caused Munnings (and those who respect and admire his splendid achievement) by the publication of Clive Bell's foolish article is temporary, whereas the contempt it inspires is permanent. A. K. LAWRENCE, R.A.

30 Holland Park Road, W.14.

[A reader has sent us the following communication from the El Morocco Night Club, which seems not wholly irrevelant to a correspondence about Royal Academy art:

Dear Guest,

WHO IS LONDON'S MOST POPULAR STRIP-TEASE ARTISTE IN FACT WHO *IS* LONDON'S *MOST* LOVELY GIRL? From Monday, January 22nd, we present THE "*LOVELY OF LOVELIES*" and ask our guests to assist us in selecting *THE MOST* glamorous and artistic. Vote will be by ballot.

The most famous of all living painters of the nude, Mr. A. K. LAWRENCE, R.A., will paint the winner, full-length nude.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

TURKISH
CIGARETTES
*
Abdulla
the best
at any price
*
10 for 7d
and upwards

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE danger of such anthologies as *The Oxford Book of English Verse* is that they may allow the innocent to identify poetry with lyric poetry. Often lovers of the book, one suspects, never develop the stamina required for reading the Elizabethan dramatists, *Absalom and Achitophel*, the *Essay on Man* and *The Prelude*. But the *Oxford Book* gave me, like how many others, the first view of Parnassus. It has since accompanied me to Luxor and to Leningrad, to New York and to the tomb of Hafiz at Shiraz. When it is attacked by dons before whose learning I stand abashed, my gratitude and affection stay unalarmed. I was therefore suspicious even of the " improvements " announced in the new edition of *The Oxford Book of English Verse* (Oxford Press, 8*s.* 6*d.*; India Paper, 10*s.*). Additions I could welcome, but which of the old favourites have been banished? From the first half of the book little has gone, except Alexander Hume's enchanting *Summer Day*, the proper title of which is *A Description of the Day Estivall*. Let me quote one stanza to excite a twinge of remorse in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch:

> The dove with whistling wings so blue
> The winds can fast collect:
> Her purple pens turn many a hue
> Against the sun direct.

I suspect that Coleridge caught hints from this poem for *The Ancient Mariner*. In the new edition the greatest names, Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats, are represented exactly as before. Skelton, Spenser, Peele and Marvell are given one more poem apiece. Donne remains grossly neglected: two poems have been removed and replaced by " When by Thy Scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead," but at least *The Ecstasy* is now entire. Pope also is fobbed off with only three poems, but Prior is allowed four welcome new pages for the delightful *Jinny the Just*. Gray and Collins are as before, so is Cowper—I wish we had been given *The Castaway* and *The Poplar-Field*. Nothing has been taken from the Clare poems published since the original edition. The chief changes, in fact, appear with the Victorians.

The *Oxford Book* first appeared in 1900, reflecting the best taste of that period. In the interval a lot of admired Victorian verse has worn badly, persuading Sir Arthur to a number of expulsions. Sara Coleridge, Caroline Southey, Lady Dufferin, Roden Noel, Thomas Ashe, Frederick Locker, Watts-Dunton and Lytton have gone. Some of these I must regret. To a mature palate Lytton's *A Night in Italy* must seem adulterated Keats, sweet and fizzy. But adolescents, unless they are snobs, start by preferring their poetry, like their wine, sweet: and I trust that even Dr. Leavis's pupils are not too priggish, in their first year, to enjoy:

> Midnight, and love, and youth, and Italy!
> Love in the land where love most lovely seems!

I have a kindness now for some banished verses that I used to loathe:

> 'Mid the gorgeous storms of music—in the mellow organ-calms,
> 'Mid the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms
> I stood careless, Barbara.

> O sweet brown hat, brown hair, brown eyes,
> Down-dropp'd brown eyes so tender!
> Then what said I? Gallant replies
> Seem flattery, and offend her—
> But—meet we no angels, Pansie?

> This is Mabel's window-pane;
> These are Mabel's roses.
> Is she nested? Does she kneel
> In the twilight stilly.
> Lily clad from throat to heel,
> She, my virgin lily?

Sad stuff, indubitably; and we may wonder that this smacking of lips over female innocence should have passed among our frock-coated ancestors for so respectable an appetite; but have not these verses taken on an absurd period charm, like that of the Pre-Raphaelite pictures of contemporary life? I was glad to find, at least, that Charles Tennyson Turner had been reprieved, and that in the new *Oxford Book* Letty still " hid all England with a kiss "! The most famous poems to disappear are, I suppose, " My Silks and Fine Array " and *Annabel Lee*. Among newcomers I specially welcome John Scott of Amwell (" I hate that drum's discordant sound "), Thackeray's *Ballad of Bouillabaisse*, Praed's *The Vicar* and Leigh Hunt's *The Fish, the Man and the Spirit*. Landor, I am surprised to see, is given less space—I should have thought him a poet that one liked better with increasing years. There are additional poems by Clough, Longfellow, Barnes, William Morris and Stevenson. Hopkins appears for the first time, though he is cruelly tamed. *Thyrsis* has been added—one is grateful, but even to please the printer it should not be placed in front of *The Scholar Gypsy* to which it is a sequel. We are given Tennyson's *In the Garden at Swainston* and *Crossing the Bar*, but only three, instead of sixty-one, stanzas of *In Memoriam*. I specially regret that there are still none of his more occasional verses like *The Daisy* and *To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava*. The addition of *Love Among the Ruins* and *The Laboratory* has improved the Browning selection, but it still strikes me as uncharacteristic.

So far my quarrelling with the new *Oxford Book* has resulted in a redintegration of love. But the most conspicuous feature of the book is the inclusion of the Georgian poets, and Sir Arthur, I venture to suggest, has not been very happy in his choice of these. W. J. Turner is omitted, and Rupert Brooke's War Sonnets, for instance, do not seem to have worn nearly so well as some of his earlier pieces, while Flecker's *Riouperoux* is Georgian in the worst sense, imitative and at once hearty and arch. Eliot, very strangely, is not represented, though he was writing well before Armistice Day, 1918, which Sir Arthur makes his terminal date—and he admits " later numbers by poets who, whether consciously or unconsciously, had indicated before that date the trend of their genius." But more lamentable, I think, than the absence of Eliot is the misrepresentation of Yeats. One of the few poets whose genius grew deep and daring in old age, he has emerged, since the first publication of the *Oxford Book*, as the first poet, or so I should have supposed, of our time. Yet Sir Arthur gives us only two additional poems by him, neither of them belonging to his maturity. Mr. Masefield, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Sturge Moore, Mr. Binyon, Mr. Charles Williams, A. E., Kipling, Newbolt, William Watson—all are allowed more space than Yeats. This is an eccentricity of prejudice which I find unaccountable. In his new preface, it is true, Sir Arthur departs for a moment from his usual geniality to grumble about modern poetry: " Be it allowed that these present times are dark. Yet what are our poets of use—what are they *for*—if they cannot hearten the crew with auspices of daylight? " This is a queer, not to say a Nazi, test for poetry. (Would the crew be much heartened by *Oedipus Rex*, or the *De Rerum Natura*, by *Lear* or *Les Fleurs du Mal*?) Sir Arthur applies it even to Hardy, carefully picking his least gloomy poems. " What are poets *for*? " Dr. Johnson provides the answer, an answer with which twenty-seven years ago Sir Arthur used to agree—the service done by poets is to produce in us " a great increase of sensibility." And this is a test that Yeats and Eliot evidently pass.

I wish, then, that the eighty-three extra pages in the new *Oxford Book* had been devoted to more selections from the poets of the past, ending as before with the last year of the nineteenth century. Let me give one sample of the new pleasures of this sort which it contains, Peele's *Summer Song*:

> When as the rye reach to the chin,
> And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
> Strawberries swimming in the cream,
> And school-boys playing in the stream;
> Then O, then O, then O my true love said,
> Till that time come again,
> She could not live a maid.

" Chopcherry," I learn from the dictionary, is the same as bob-cherry, but in order to delight in the song this knowledge is not needed. In Elizabethan songs such as this one comes very close to what the Abbé Brémond (and Wharton before him) called " pure poetry." There is little content—only a few images and the artful collocation of words, resulting in a mood. It is in such poetry that the English have given the equivalent of French painting, and I enjoy this particular song very much as I enjoy a picture of a little girl by Renoir. There has been a lot of talk about the need for modern poets to face industrial realities, but I cannot see in what way power-houses and pylons are more " real " than streams and strawberries. It may be deplorable, but I fancy it is true, that our deepest emotions are still excited by the permanent beauty of landscapes, the perishable beauty of men and women.

ROGER MARVELL

Mr. E. M. Forster

in a broadcast talk picked out a dozen books he had read and liked from the fifteen thousand published last year. Three were published by Jonathan Cape. Of them Mr. Forster said:

'A book on Germany: *The Dear Monster*, by G. R. Halkett—a German aristocrat and artist who could not stand the Nazi regime; his account of this and of the German mentality is most interesting, because it comes from the inside, and also most disquieting. (10s. 6d.)

'A constructive book: *Union Now*, by Clarence Streit, which urges an immediate federal union of the democracies. (7s. 6d.)

'A charming book of memoirs the second volume of the *Kilvert Diaries*, which William Plomer is editing.' (12s. 6d.)

The Russells in Bloomsbury

G. SCOTT THOMSON

Miss Scott Thomson's new volume continues the history of the Dukes of Bedford and their estate from the point in which she left it in *Life in a Noble Household*. (The books can be read entirely independently.)

February 9th. Illustrated. 15s.

Life in a Noble Household

'This is not only a valuable, learned and distinguished piece of historical research, it is a most entertaining and sympathetic book. From a comprehensive study of the accounts and business papers of William, fifth Earl of Bedford, Miss Scott Thomson has skilfully reconstructed a picture, detailed and delightful as a Dutch interior, of the working of a great seventeenth-century household, and of its population, growing, maturing, dying all too soon. . . . This fascinating book should appeal not only to the amateur or professional historian, but to all who have an appetite for the details of other people's lives.' TIME AND TIDE

first cheap edition February 9th.

7s. 6d.

Prelude to Victory

E. L. SPEARS

With an introduction by the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

'This volume tells the tale of the Nivelle offensive of 1917 up to the battle of the Aisne on April 16th, as seen through the eyes of a British liaison officer in close touch with the principal figures concerned. I found it a moving, exciting and tragic record.

'It is an absolutely first-class account of the problems raised by the relations between soldiers and statesmen in war-time. From that angle, I believe it to be a volume of quite essential importance. It is not only brilliantly written; it would be worth while if only for the illuminating portraits of the men involved. But it contains, also, a massive documentation upon a period small enough in time to enable us to see the problems raised by those relations in all their formidable complexity.

'I think that probably the real lesson of his book is that the drama of war makes demands upon the general and the cabinet minister alike for which neither is fitted, and that war is, inherently, a threat to the foundations of democracy of momentous proportions. What I again only emphasize is that his book is one of the most illuminating and exciting of its kind that I have ever read.'

H. J. LASKI in the NEW STATESMAN

640 pages 18s.

2nd impression

English Scholars

DAVID DOUGLAS

'Dugdale, Spelman, Hearne, Wilkins, Rhymer, Madox—these names are familiar to those who look at the footnotes of any modern work on mediæval history. It is the lives and works of these and of many of their contemporaries that have been woven by Professor Douglas into a narrative which, for interest and originality, makes this book an outstanding contribution to the history of mediæval studies and of English scholarship between the restoration and the reign of George II. It is one of the most charming and fascinating narratives that have appeared of recent years.'

THE LISTENER 15s.

Summer's Lease

a novel by

ARNOT ROBERTSON

The story of Douglas Caise, whose life is in many aspects the life of everyone of his generation—the people born at the beginning of this century whose youth was passed in the lull between wars. This is a moving book, witty in texture, tragic in essence. Its real importance lies in its rare fusion of heart and mind, this author's particular blend of unsparing honesty with human pity

a new novel by

ARNOT ROBERTSON

author of

Ordinary Families

Four Frightened People

Three Came Unarmed

416 pages 9s. 6d. net

February 9th

Green to Amber

a novel by

SHERARD VINES

Mr. Vines once compiled an anthology called *Whips and Scorpions:* in the same spirit of criticism he has written this story. Here is a writer who has a rare power of observation and a capacity for wringing from the ordinary and average an endless amusement.

8s. 3d. net

Portrait of Angela

a novel by

ELIZABETH CAMBRIDGE

author of *Hostages to Fortune*

The scene, an island in the West Indies

'This book is really a study in courage and consolation.'

JOHN O'LONDON

'The story is delightfully told, and the portrait of Angela is most convincingly drawn. Equally charming are the direct, unforced descriptions of the island.'

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

7s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE · THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE · LONDON

GERMANY IN DEFEAT

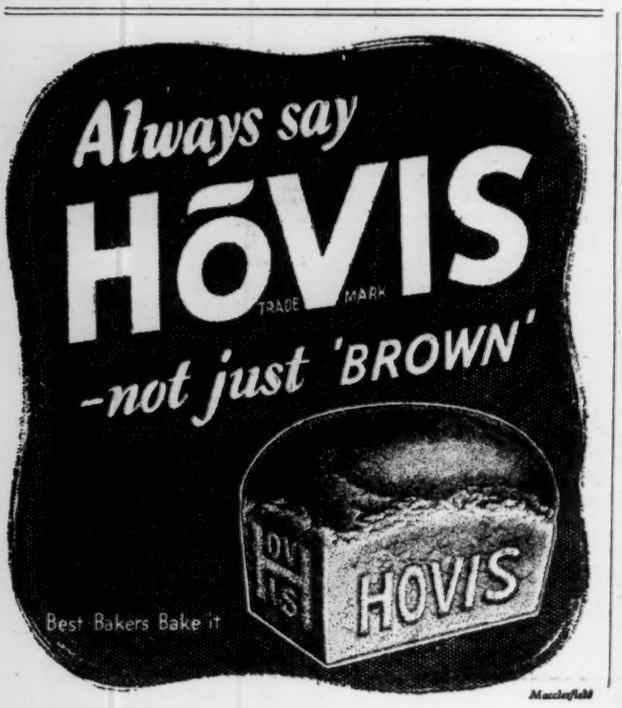
Unfinished Victory. By ARTHUR BRYANT. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

History of German Army. Vol. 1. By J. BÉNOIT MÉCHIN *Scientia (Zurich).* 10*s.* 6*d.*

How will Germany react to defeat? Will a new social élite emerge to re-establish the traditions of western civilisation? Will the Communists capture power and continue the eastern connection? Will there be a reaction to conservatism and a restoration of the monarchy? On the answer to these questions depends our estimate of the sort of peace-settlement which could bring security to Europe; and if our answer is to be more than guesswork, it must be based on an analysis of the social forces whose conflict still continues within the framework of National Socialism.

A useful check on the more extravagant hypotheses is the study of Germany in the defeat of 1918. Both these books are contributions to this task. Mr. Bryant's highly coloured sketch carries us on through the inflation and the rise of the Nazi Party to 1933, while M. Méchin limits himself to a strictly objective study of the first eight months from November, 1918, to June, 1919 in which the foundations of the Weimar Republic and of the Third Reich were laid. If their conclusions are completely contradictory, it is because Mr. Bryant pleads the cause, while M. Méchin shows the causes, of National Socialism.

Unfinished Victory is a strange book. Written before the war broke out, it is a highly emotional appeal for the policy of appeasement. The reason for its publication to-day is that Mr. Bryant believes that at all costs we must avoid the mistakes of Versailles: only justice to Germany will prevent another catastrophe. So he writes as a man overwhelmed with a sense of guilt, guilt for the sins of omission out of which Hitler's sins of commission have grown. Consciousness of our past errors is in itself excellent, and when the facts are clear—as in the case of the blockade—Mr. Bryant's moving appeal is wholly admirable. Unfortunately however his heart is stronger than his head, and his sketch of post-war Germany reads like a strip of Nazi propaganda. The Nazi case against the Jews, the Czechs and ourselves is accepted practically complete, and the guileless reader would be led to believe that Hitler came to power on a righteous wave of popular feeling against Versailles, the Bolshevik menace and the morals of Berlin. Mr. Bryant omits mention of the fact that the Nazis did not conquer the State, but slipped in by a back door left discreetly ajar by certain industrialists, by the Hindenburg clique and by the political generals. He is so eager to confess our betrayal of Germany that he overlooks the traitors within, who exploited the desperation of the masses for their own designs. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner* he argues; but a one-sided comprehension makes him acquit the real criminal.



Unfinished Victory would not demand a careful examination, were it not for Mr. Bryant's close connection with the Conservative Party chiefs. While most Conservative Intellectuals gave their support to Mr. Churchill or Mr. Eden, Mr. Bryant remained a confidante first of Lord Baldwin and then of his successors in the control of British foreign policy. With Lord Elton, he occupied a position of peculiar influence, as the philosopher of appeasement in central Europe and in Spain, when the vast majority of thoughtful Englishmen of all parties regarded this policy as a disaster. If therefore *Unfinished Victory* represents in broad outline the views of the Premier since the outbreak of war, its sincerity, its confusions and its credulity assume a disturbing importance. Those who control our destinies want justice for Germany, but the Germany with which they sympathise is precisely those reactionary groups which make European peace impossible.

Mr. Méchin exposes one at least of Mr. Bryant's most dangerous illusions. In this the first volume of his *History of the German Army*, he relates the part played by the Army in "saving" the Republic, and demonstrates conclusively that the relation of the armed forces to the Government will always remain the key to German politics. "Prussia is not a state that possesses an army; it is an army that has conquered a nation," said Mirabeau in 1788. The same was true of Germany in 1919.

Englishmen and Frenchmen find it hard to appreciate the full significance of the German Army's defeat. With us, military power is an instrument of Law, the servant of a civilian government: in Germany the Army was the State, militarism the soul of the nation. Defeat in the field meant not only a national disaster but the destruction of the framework of authority and of the people's faith. Even the democrats and socialists were soldiers at heart, convinced of Germany's invincibility; and the sudden, totally unexpected military collapse released not a positive revolutionary force but a fierce, anarchic resentment against the War Lords who had been their Gods. The backbone of Germany cracked and the nerve-cells quivered in disorganised revulsion. The disintegration of Imperial authority produced a terrible centrifugal mania. "Things fell apart: the centre could not hold." Certainly Ebert and Scheidemann could not hold them; while Independents like Haase, Spartakists like Liebknecht, dilettantes like Eisner and Toller, were too busy destroying militarism and the old Empire to ask what new central authority would replace them. The revolution after a few days ran into the sands of anarchism and separatism, speech-making, demonstrations and strikes. Revolutionary Socialism had not overthrown the Empire; it was merely a symptom of its utter defeat.

It is easy to gain support from a disillusioned and starving people for the destruction of authority. But there comes a time when the people discover that anarchy means starvation, and freedom murder and arson. Then they cry for order and grow sick of ideas. This is the turning point of all revolutions. The new authority must be established; and it is established by that minority, which is itself so disciplined that it can enforce its discipline on others.

The revolution in Germany threw up no such disciplined minority, and in 1919 order was restored by the Social Democrats and the Army. They co-operated because there was no one else to co-operate: they won because no one else showed a will to power. For a fortnight, from Christmas till January 6th Ebert had no military force of any kind at his disposal: if the Left had had four thousand disciplined men it could have seized power. But republicans and Communists were in revolt against military discipline, and in desperation Ebert permitted Noske, with the help of General Maerker, to form the *Freikorps* out of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Old Army. It was these Volunteers who re-established order.

M. Méchin describes in fascinating detail first the disintegration of the old army throughout December and then its resurrection in the new form of the Volunteers. The Generals had played a waiting game. They arranged that the politicians of the new democracy should negotiate the armistice, and thus evaded responsibility for defeat and prepared the way for the Myth of the "Stab in the Back." Then they waited for the revolution to exhaust itself, confident that any government must appeal to them for help. On January 6th the first squads of volunteers marched into the suburbs of Berlin. The epoch of Fascism had begun.

Between January and June the revolution, its centrifugal force exhausted, stood still and was quietly mopped up province by province. Maerker's volunteers, always overwhelmingly out-

HISTORIC CHALLENGÉ TO CIVILISATION

A New Declaration of the RIGHTS OF MAN

MEN and women all over the world are deeply concerned that out of this war should develop a new conception of international society that will enable them to live in peace and in freedom.

The DAILY HERALD believes that a definition and reaffirmation of the principles upon which human liberty should rest, in the form of a New Declaration of the Rights of Man, can play a decisive part in pulling together that mass of anxious questing after the foundation of a permanent peace.

Such a Declaration must, if it is to be of value, grow out of nation-wide and, eventually, out of world-wide discussion and debate.

It is with this purpose that the DAILY HERALD will initiate on Monday, February 5th, a national discussion on a New Declaration of the Rights of Man.

Mr. H. G. Wells, Chairman. The Debate will be under the Chairmanship of Mr. H. G. Wells, who has drafted a number of provisional clauses for such a Declaration. In the columns of the DAILY HERALD he will open the discussion on each clause.

These draft clauses are only suggestions meant to stimulate debate, not only through correspondence in the DAILY HERALD, but at organised meetings and group discussions throughout the country.

Drafting Committee. The ideas which emerge will be considered by an authoritative Committee, which will include :—

Mr. H. G. WELLS,
Chairman.

LORD SANKEY, P.C., G.B.E.,
former Lord Chancellor.

LORD HORDER, G.C.V.O., M.D.,
Distinguished Physician.

SIR NORMAN ANGELL,
Nobel Peace Prizewinner.

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD, P.C., LL.D.,
First Woman Cabinet Minister

SIR JOHN ORR, D.S.O., F.R.S.,
Leading Authority on Social Problems.

MRS. BARBARA WOOTTON, M.A.,
Distinguished Woman Economist.

SIR RICHARD GREGORY, F.R.S., D.Sc., LL.D.,
President of the British Association.

MR. FRANCIS WILLIAMS,
Editor of the DAILY HERALD.

Further eminent authorities will be added to the Committee, which will redraft the Declaration in the light of the Debate.

Contributors to Debate. Leading the Debate in the columns of the DAILY HERALD will be the foremost thinkers of to-day. They include : The Archbishop of York ; Mr. George Bernard Shaw ; Prof. Archibald Main, D.D., *Moderator of the Church of Scotland* ; The Earl of Lytton, K.G., *Chairman of League Mission to Manchuria* ; Mr. J. B. Priestley, *novelist and playwright* ; the Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, M.P., *Leader of the Opposition* ; General Carpenter, *of the Salvation Army* ; Hon. Harold Nicolson, C.M.G., M.P., *author and diplomatist* ; Prof. Lancelot Hogben, F.R.S. ; Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S. ; Miss Rose Macaulay, *novelist* ; Prof. J. A. Ryle, M.A., M.D., *Professor of Physic, Cambridge* ; the Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., *Deputy-Leader of the Opposition* ; Prof. Ernest Barker, LL.D., *Professor of Political Science, Cambridge* ; the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P., *Leader of the L.C.C.* ; Prof. C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit., *head of Department of Philosophy and Psychology, Birkbeck College* ; the Rt. Hon. George Lansbury, M.P. ; Dr. J. J. Mallon, C.H., LL.D., *Warden of Toynbee Hall and former Governor of B.B.C.* ; Sir Walter Langdon-Brown, M.A., M.D., *eminent physician* ; Sir W. Jowitt, K.C. ; Prof. Norman Bentwich, O.B.E. ; Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P. ; Mr. Kingsley Martin, *Editor of "New Statesman & Nation"* ; Mr. Leonard Woolf, *Editor of "The Political Quarterly"* ; Mr. W. Holmes, *Chairman of the T.U.C.* ; Mr. Charles Dukes, *Secretary, National Union of General and Municipal Workers* ; Mr. J. Marchbank, *National Union of Railwaymen* ; Mr. George Hicks, M.P. ; Mr. Will Lawther, *President of the Mineworkers' Federation* ; the Rev. Sidney Berry, D.D., M.A., *Secretary of the Congregational Union* ; Mr. George Gibson, *Member of Trades Union Congress General Council* ; Prof. Harold Laski, *Professor of Political Science* ; Mrs. Barbara Ayrton Gould, *Chairman of the Labour Party.*

This momentous Plan concerns you, your family, your home, your future. It is imperative that you should not only give it serious thought but that you should study its day-to-day development in the "Daily Herald." Great changes are upon us—and it is significant that so many eminent men and women in so many different walks of life have actively associated themselves with the idea of drawing up this New Declaration of the Rights of Man. Lord Sankey (a former Lord Chancellor and a member of the Committee) says : "I believe this can be made a truly historic document." It can ! And the ideas that will emerge from the discussion which starts on Monday in the "Daily Herald" will have a profound influence on the attitude of the world, not only to the war—but to the peace. For they will be an authoritative expression of opinion that no Government dare ignore. This is much more than an absorbingly interesting newspaper feature—it is history being made. Watch it—follow it—if you wish, join in it—your opinion will be welcomed. Ask your newsagent at once to be sure to supply the "Daily Herald" to you regularly each day—commencing on Monday. While every effort will be made to meet the huge demand for copies, it must be pointed out that owing to wartime publishing restrictions you can only be sure of securing your copies by placing your order with your newsagent in advance !

Daily Herald

NEXT MONDAY

numbered, smashed the Left into obedience. 3,500 men were sufficient to defeat the proletarian armies of Bremen and Hamburg; 2,750 those of Westphalia; 3,500 those of Halle, Brunswick and Magdeburg. Dresden surrendered without a fight. Only in Berlin and Munich was there serious fighting, but the issue was never in doubt. The Left, despite its enormous numerical strength, could not take the initiative, since it had neither central direction, nor military discipline. Trusting in the strike as the proletarian weapon, it merely intensified the famine, while its military formations, with their elected officers, melted away before men who knew the science of war.

So when the Peace Treaty was signed, Germany had a democratic constitution, but the democracy rested on the bayonets of the Volunteers. The one social force which had developed with almost unbroken continuity through the crisis was the Army which numbered in June, 1919, 400,000 men. The Volunteers grew out of the old army; and the best of them were reabsorbed into the new professional army of 100,000 which Mr. Lloyd George, despite the protests of Foch, presented to the German Republic. "The Imperial Army is dead: long live the Reichswehr." By a miracle the Generals had saved "the soul of the nation," under cover of saving the Republic.

M. Méchin has written a book of first-rate importance, and its appearance in English could not be more timely. In his introduction he accepts the official view of the Reichswehr and attributes to it a positive political policy which it never possessed. But the story he tells contradicts this thesis. I would beg Mr. Bryant to read it before he writes another book on Germany; and I would suggest that at least three important deductions can be made from it: (1) Any future armistice and peace treaty should be signed by the war-lords, who must take full responsibility for the defeat. After this St. Helena might again be of use. (2) Germany should be permitted a short-term militia, combined with a labour-corps. (3) Every effort should be made by the Allies to discourage the separatism which follows defeat in Germany and to support those forces which are prepared to liquidate both the Nazi party and the great landlords and industrialists while maintaining a strong central government.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

By Wyndham Lewis

THE HITLER CULT

AND HOW IT WILL END

A resounding counterblast against the walls of Hitlerism

'Mr Wyndham Lewis has written the best kind of propaganda book, for, by implication, it analyses the nature and danger of fascism on the one hand, and on the other the shortcomings of democracy. He sets out to display Hitler as a romantic medievalist, a typical 'little man,' whose Gothic dreams have come insanely true.'

—T. C. WORSLEY in the *New Statesman*.

7/6 *net*

DENT

NEW NOVELS

Green to Amber. By SHERARD VINES. *Cape.* 8s. 3d.
The Day Before. By H. M. TOMLINSON. *Heinemann.* 9s.
Summer's Lease. By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.
A Man of Forty. By GERALD BULLETT. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.
Gale Warning. By DORNFORD YATES. *Ward Lock.* 7s. 6d.

Even if Mr. Sherard Vines' book were bad, one would forgive a great deal for the de-frightfulised nursery rhyme, "Ding Dong Dell, Pussy's by the well, Who gave her lights, Little Gustav Schweiz." However, there is nothing to forgive, and the book is not only good but funny as well. If it has a fault it is that it is written in an extremely allusive style which must make it obscure, if not unintelligible, to a large proportion of the public; Mr. Vines demands full co-operation from the reader, and co-operation involves knowing many caste dialects, being able to spot material from a wide literary field from Burton, through T. S. Eliot, to Professor Laski, and having a good visual memory. None of the references commit the unforgivable sin of referring to private jokes, but at the same time the language is a caste dialect, and only a limited number of people who have had a good liberal education will be able to cope with it.

> "Analogies" was over, for they heard a goosey honking of "sublimate, you know, sublimate," from Mrs. Beadom, stuffed with undigested windmaking Freud and Jung, and something about civilisation being based on sublimations especially of the sex urge. "There she goes," commented Haligast, still bilious, "she can't keep off sex. These good advanced women can't. Ruddy old Libido, with my tiddy diddy dido," he sang rather too loudly for the nerves of Mrs. Professor Morbull, whose neck, elongated with yearning rapt attention, retracted like that of a tortoise.

Isolated, it sounds intolerably affected, but in its place it helps to build up a good and very funny picture of an evening in a particular kind of household. Whether a writer has the right to ask his readers to work out what are practically crossword clues in order to find out what he has to tell them is questionable; however, once the good dog has jumped through Mr. Vines's hoop it gets fed with a group of interlocking stories which are entertaining and which combine to make the point they are meant to. The characters are people of every class in a Midland town, and the time runs on to the Munich crisis, after which all the characters go, as they certainly did, to see *Snow White*. But before they find their various ways to that film they have been shown about their lives under a brilliant light which has illuminated their appearance, their tricks of thinking, and their place in the English scene. It is satire, and it has all the virtues that go to make up good satirical writing, but there is this defect that it will be a mystery to the objects of the satire, who will never know what it is all about. As it stands, *Green to Amber* is a pleasant, rather curious entertainment for bookish people.

Where Mr. Vines watches his characters drift aimlessly along in the current that is taking them to war with the cold eye of loathing, Mr. Tomlinson sees them on the same road with a warmer regard. But in 1914 the sheep were perhaps less despicable because the warnings which they so cheerily disregarded were less clear, and the friends of Labour could then have had no inkling of the attractions to which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would succumb. The hero is fired from a city firm, gets a new job on a newspaper, covers the Dockers' Strike, sees the first dirigible moving slowly round St. Paul's, goes out as a special correspondent on fleet exercises, marries a suffragette, and has a son by the time that the assassination blows the whole world sky high. It is beautifully written in a curious extremely sensitive style, which while giving a superficial effect of cuddling, an alliance of dear-old-days sentiment with the Victorian poetic frame of mind, lulls the reader into accepting what is in fact an extremely powerful statement about the England that went to war in 1914. For such a passage as that which describes Kitchener's arrangements for handling the crowds at the Coronation of George and Mary tells you a great deal about the false ease of pre-war England by implication, adds a good deal about Kitchener's character, and gives you a fascinating account of events in Trafalgar Square on a particular occasion. It is a lovely and extremely satisfying book.

Summer's Lease is another book covering the same ground; more ambitious in scope, it covers the ground between calm before the last war and the unease before the present one. The author is, moreover, knocking down the same middle-class

Blimey!

Goss's habitual modesty is utterly wrecked! Is it fair to thrust upon a self-effacing tailor such prominence as is shewn by a newspaper cutting which a kindly reader sends us?

The cutting is from the leader page of the *New York Post* dated November 30th. After announcing that armed guards are watching over a copy of the Magna Charta which this winter reposes in the Library of Congress, the writer continues:

> "On Armistice Day a tailor's advertisement appeared in *The New Statesman and Nation*, one of England's leading journals. The advertisement read:
>
> 'Goss tailoring costs no more to-day than it did before this goofy war started, unless you choose a material which Goss has not in stock, when there might be a slight extra charge.'
>
> So long as the cool independence of that ad.—and the courage to express it—remains alive, it seems a little superfluous to set guards about Magna Charta."

* * *

Never did Goss so much as dream of achieving a world-wide influence through the ruminations set down in these occasional columns. Is it his duty now to lay aside his scissors and tape, permanently uncross his legs, and proceed to express the simple truths of life *pro bono publico*? Should the Ministry of Information take a short cut to popularity through Goss?

Well, it's up to the powers that be to say the word. In the meantime Goss has to go on paying all sorts of people who help him to turn out men's clothes at such prices that readers of this paper hesitate to believe all that Goss says about the quality of his tailoring.

Yet all that he has written here about his work is true. Goss has never claimed to be the only first-class tailor in London, or the only tailor who takes an almost fastidious care in giving each customer exactly what he wants in the way of cut, finish and materials.

The whole point of the Goss advertisements is that whereas some other tailors may be as good as Goss, they almost invariably charge a great deal more.

Why not follow so many other readers of this journal and put Goss Tailoring to the test? No customer from this paper has ever, to our knowledge, regretted it.

A Goss lounge suit or overcoat of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Six to Eight Guineas for a suit or overcoat. Dress suits from Nine Guineas.

All prices now subject to 5% wartime extra.

★

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS

Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

'Phone: City 7159

From AN R.A.F. OFFICER IN IRAQ

"I have smoked your full-strength Punchbowle now for several years and find that it keeps in good condition in very high temperatures which one has to live in, in Egypt and in this country of sand. More so out here, of course, where this last month we have been as high as 116° shade temperature.

If you have read the letter above, you can picture the type of men who smoke this hefty, full-bodied "big-brother" of North Country Barneys: men on the really tough jobs overseas who need something unusually satisfying in the way of Tobacco, to inspire and to round-off the work of the day.

Punchbowle is not everybody's smoke; the average smoker should first try *medium* Barneys. Whichever strength suits *your* palate, this one thing is certain: Wherever and whenever you buy, the Tobacco will turn out as sweet and fresh as when packed . . . *that* is Barneys "EverFresh" protection, the wonder-packing which ensures *Factory-freshness* everywhere.

Barneys

★ THREE STRENGTHS: Barneys (*medium*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), Punchbowle (*full*) . . . all equally good, all packed in the Barneys "EverFresh" Tin. Home price of each 1/5d. oz. Available also in handy "READY-FILLS" for perfect pipe-filling: Cartons of 12, 1/5d.

A Cigarette as good as Barneys Tobacco

Barneys Virginia—a high-class cigarette in everything but price.

10 for 7d.

(205) Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne

pigeons whose indifference and weakness are so largely the matter of the other two books; the matter, however, does not seem to be fully in the author's control, and the book is invaded by material which is interesting but bafflingly unrelated to the business in hand. The characters are continually being pushed off the scene while the author mounts dramatic reconstructions of How the Altimira Cave Drawings Came to be Made or Why Bronze Age Axes are frequently found blunted in graves. The main plot, the long, hard-luck story of a young man with bad eyesight, is twaddling; seven or eight short stories embedded in it, however, are good and funny; one about a row between the British Museum and a Cornish Museum being very funny indeed. But though feathers are from time to time knocked out of the birds, the story rambles on without reaching anything in the way of a conclusion. There is an indication that what is wrong with the middle class is personal unhappiness, and that the finding of happiness might amend all, and yet the train in which the book ends is packed with H.M. Armed Forces going on leave before leaving for France. The book might have been written by one of Mr. Vine's lost souls.

The pursuit of happiness (Middle-Class Section, Matured Group) is the subject of *A Man of Forty*. Though no physiological change takes place, a man of this age is liable to be overcome by a feeling that the last bus may be leaving at any minute and to take hasty action in consequence. Mr. Bullett's hero is a man with a wife and the responsibility of two children, who falls a victim to this feeling of panic and plunges into an affair with the daughter of a local doctor. The usual mess develops: sourness and misery for the wife, distress for the children, guilt and misery for the man, whose uneasiness poisons the new affair and messes that up too. So far the story is brilliantly developed, but the dreary business of tidying up apparently scared the author, who wriggles out of the net by fobbing the reader off with a murder story of a commonplace character, the murder being committed by a woman disguised as a repair man from the telephone people and the weapon being—in the true icicle-hatpin tradition—a statue of Phryne before her judges. A final chapter suggests that the author had some solution for the impasse into which his hero's affairs had drifted, but the copy provided for review was so richly perforated hereabout that the text was unreadable and the solution lost. Had Mr. Bullett not lost heart and lugged his irrelevant corpse into the story, it would have been an excellent book.

From the cover of Mr. Dornford Yates's new book, with its darkling sky and trees bending to the oncoming wind, one hoped that there might be complications with a Certain Foreign Power. However, the Gale Warning is a purely domestic one, and the book is about the hunting of a criminal, far too clever for the law to deal with, by a bunch of the superb creatures Mr. Yates alone can create. (Nobody can portray the manners of the contemporary semi-cultivated well-to-do classes better than Mr. Yates, Irish Independent.) There is a fine, well-tubbed atmosphere about the whole thing, and it is in refreshing contrast to the unhealthy sort of sex-mad novel one hears so much of these days. Lady Audrey Nuneham and St. John Baghot have to pretend to be lovers for the sake of the hunt, and there are some pretty awkward moments when My Lady, or Madonna as St. John so prettily calls her, has to have buttons done up, or, more dangerously, undone along her lovely spine, then My Lady has to be stripped after a ducking, and although there are always twin beds the thoroughbreds never kick over the traces. The end of the chase is good, clean fun, too, with a double murder in a French chateau. The hero cracks the head of one quarry with a glass match-stand, weighing 1½ lb.; it goes like an eggshell, while the dirty cad's eager hands are busy about My Lady. A bare three weeks after this the Baghot-Nuneham tease act is brought to an end and all is set for a happy landed gentry marriage. It all goes with a swing up to the final paragraph:

> Of such remembrance I think I shall never tire: and though, because of my darling, my life is as rich as a fountain that always plays, I must confess that there is no pursuit to compare with that which can only be followed "without the law." For that is the real thing, and once you have followed it, no imitation will serve.

Marriage is all very well, for fun you can't beat murder though. Well, well.

ANTHONY WEST

NO ONE ADMITS

to being influenced by press propaganda or advertising; and yet both dominate a world in which Propaganda Ministries are more important than Education Ministries.

But intelligent people will not be satisfied with this and as a highly necessary readers' guide to the press there has just been published Denys Thompson's

BETWEEN THE LINES

As "Critic" said of it in last week's "New Statesman," to-day "*it has a singular aptness.*" *3s. 6d.*

ADOLF IN BLUNDERLAND

J. Dyrenforth & Max Kester

This witty political parody of "Alice" is having an enormous success, and is in its third large printing. Tenniel's drawings have been amusingly brought up to date. *3s. 6d.*

FREDERICK MULLER

AN ANARCHIST TEACHER

The Problem Teacher. By A. S. NEILL. *Herbert Jenkins.* 5s.

This lively book by Mr. Neill (the breezy vulgarity in which he takes a pride forces one to use the polite prefix in self-defence) comes out at a good moment when a thousand schools are settling down to a new term; and how stimulating to education it would be if everyone involved, masters and mistresses, boys and girls, would spend an evening or two reading and considering it. For Mr. Neill cannot be dismissed as just a crank; he is a real educator, with a touch of genius and a lively democratic faith.

His position has been defined before. A follower of Homer Lane, he believes that love alone cures—and when he says love he does not, like many educationalists, turn out to mean a sound thrashing. By love he means being always on the child's side, for the naughty or wicked child is simply the love-starved or love-tangled child. To accept his position means to abandon the whole educational tradition of external discipline, all the devices of dignity and superiority which teachers adopt to make the child afraid and so obedient and "good." "Perfect love casteth out fear"; and fear and hate are the two enemies. The implications of this attitude are wide; those to whom Homer Lane is unknown will find this book shocking and incredible, but they cannot fail to find it interesting; those who are familiar with his work will find here new light, for Mr. Neill illuminates all the problems he touches with a devastating simplicity of common sense.

What is fresh in this book derives, one may suppose, from Mr. Neill's experience of lecturing to groups of state school teachers, an experience which has brought home to him even more sharply the political implications of education. Teachers who have heard him lecture or who may read this book will only be able to put a mere fraction of his preaching into practice. Not, as the unbelievers will say, because his ideas are in themselves impracticable; on certain social premises they have been proved practicable—they do work and are working at his school in Summerhill, as they worked in the Little Commonwealth. It is precisely the social premise which makes them generally impracticable. Society as at present constituted has its own ideas about how its people should behave. And free individuals, in Mr. Neill's sense, are not what it wants. Politics, then (this is

METHUEN

"Best of all the modern books."
FRANK SWINNERTON in the *Observer*

HUGH KINGSMILL'S
NEW NOVEL

The Fall

"Told with extraordinary precision . . . its skill makes other books of the week seem amateurish." FRANK SWINNERTON in the *Observer*

"Striking, unusual and highly readable . . . it does almost everything a good novel is supposed to do." *New Statesman*

"A work of mature art."
EDWIN MUIR in the *Listener*

8s. 3d.

36 Essex Street, W.C.2

Just published

F. R. BIENENFELD

THE GERMANS AND THE JEWS

THIS is the most interesting, as it is certainly the most objective study of the clash between German and Jew which has had so tragic a result for the German Jews and such wide repercussions throughout the whole world. Written in a vein of learned irony by a master of the subject, it provides a thorough analysis of the psychological problem, how and why German hatred became widespread, and draws certain conclusions from the present position which throw much light on German prospects in the present war, particularly in the South-East of Europe.

Demy 8vo. 280 pages. 7s. 6d. net.

SECKER & WARBURG

Second Edition

HANSJÜRGEN KOEHLER

INSIDE THE GESTAPO

What the first Reviews say:

"An astonishing account . . ."—***Daily Telegraph***

". . . not pulling the public's leg . . . some thrilling tales . . . hard to beat"—
Times Literary Supplement

"A most sensational book . . ."—
Edinburgh Evening News

". . . an astounding recital of hitherto undisclosed facts"—***Cavalcade***

". . . if half the facts could be proved . . . a world sensation . . ."—***News Review***

Part of the book just serialised in the *Evening Standard*

10s. 6d. net

PALLAS PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.,
12, HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.2

A New Quarterly

published on the 1st February, 1940

THE MUSIC REVIEW

Editor: GEOFFREY SHARP

CONTENTS OF FIRST NUMBER:

The Symphonies of Gustav Mahler
DR. EGON WELLESZ
An Unpublished Letter of Mahler
Pietro Raimondi - - - - - - CECIL GRAY
The Riddle of Schubert's 'Unfinished' Symphony - - PROFESSOR O. E. DEUTSCH
Some Early Mozart Editions - - PAUL HIRSCH
Artistic Direction - - - - - W. J. TURNER
Ernest Bloch's Violin Concerto - GEOFFREY SHARP
Miscellaneous Reviews

¶ *The May issue will contain:—*
Fingering the Recorder (*with illustrations*) - ADAM CARSE
Franz Schubert - - - - DR. T. C. L. PRITCHARD
A New Brahms Bibliography - PROFESSOR O. E. DEUTSCH
Music and Morality - - - - - EVA MARY GREW
Four Hands, One Piano - - - - ALEC ROWLEY
The Principles of Criticism - REV. KENNETH RICHES
subject to change.

¶ *Others who have promised to contribute in the future are:—*
Dr. Peter Gradenwitz, Cecil Hopkinson, Frank Howes, Walter Legge, C. B. Oldman, J.-G. Prod'homme, Alec Robertson, Edmund Rubbra, J. F. Russell, Dr. Heathcote Statham, Dr. Martha Vidor.

Single copies, 4 shillings, *postage 3d.*
Annual Subscription, 16 shillings, *post free to all parts of the world.*

W. HEFFER & SONS, LIMITED
PETTY CURY - - - CAMBRIDGE
and obtainable from all Booksellers

the burden of *The Problem Teacher*) must be the teacher's first concern, for "we cannot reform education as long as it is a part of the capitalist system."

Mr. Neill is right to place his emphasis on this aspect of the problem—the failure to do so has invalidated much of the work of progressive education in the inter-war years—although his political premises seem to me often wrongheaded. He writes as an anarchist. "Organised religion, *like everything organised*, is spiritually dead," he says. And "the art of teaching is the art of leaving children alone." This is to assume not merely that the child is by nature good, but that the society which replaces capitalism will be by nature good as well. It follows from this assumption that education is concerned only with behaviour. He attacks above all any concern with content. Now it is quite true, as he says, that many of the vices of our system derive from having to teach "subjects" that are useless and irrelevant in the present world. But one reason why so little attention has been given to reforming curriculum is just that the English tradition has always concentrated first on behaviour. "Character" is what the English Public School traditionally aims at; and by character is meant a particular kind of behaviour (ruling class behaviour) to which subject has been made subordinate. Merely to substitute another kind of behaviour for ruling class behaviour solves at best only one part of the problem. The prime social need of a democracy is that its children should grow up to understand and so be able to control the world they live in. A reorientation of the curriculum to this end seems to me every bit as important as the problem of behaviour.

There are two aims for a democratic education, to teach the child to understand the world it lives in and to teach it to understand itself. If Mr. Neill seems to underestimate the former, he is always illuminating about the latter. Particularly interesting is his introduction of Dr. Wilhelm Reich (whose work is soon to be available in English) in an attempt to synthesise the psychological and the economic motives in a revolutionary movement:

> Sex is the creative force in life and revolutionaries hope to remake the world by ignoring it, hope to remake it by their heads alone. Rebels with a sense of guilt are handicapped from the word go. This is why so many rebels are haters; they hate the rich rather than love the poor; they hate, not as free men but as bound men. They think that their chains are from Capitalism and they are quite unaware that their strongest chains are those of their own repressions, not only sexual repressions, but spiritual repressions.

The psychological problem is, of course, bound up with the economic: but Fascism and belligerency cannot be explained, any more than a new civilisation can be built, entirely on an economic premise. Psychology must be brought in to redress the balance. But individual analysis, Mr. Neill concedes, is at once too costly and too slow a process to be the only technique; and here he might link up with Professor Karl Mannheim and his sketch for a group-analysis. In any case the psychology must be dynamic, and it must, no less, be alive to the social and economic implications of its own beliefs. And it is because Mr. Neill is alive to them and because his book will stimulate everyone who reads it to consider education, politics and psychology as closely inter-related aspects of a single subject that *The Problem Teacher* can be prescribed as the best kind of tonic for the rheumy Easter term.

T. C. WORSLEY

Published in January

THE CHOSEN FEW
by William Gallacher, M.P.
Author of Revolt on the Clyde.

"A keen controversialist with a forceful, robust and persuasive manner . . . gives some excellent pen pictures of Parliamentary personalities on both sides of the House."
Aberdeen Press.
"A fierce advocate and a clear thinker . . . Reasoned biting advocacy . . ."
Dunfermline Press.

Cro. 8vo. 231 *pp.* 5/- *net.*

TRIALS of BRITISH FREEDOM
by T. A. Jackson
Author of Dialectics and Charles Dickens.

". . . a wide good sense which sees that Wilkes and Bradlaugh are as much in the true succession as Marx and Lenin . . . the concluding portion of the Prologue . . . restates in clear and admirable language what I believe to be the only true interpretation of modern British history."—*New Statesman.*

Cro. 8vo. 240 *pp.* 6/- *net.*

TWO SYSTEMS
by Eugene Varga
Translated by R. Page Arnot.

A long awaited work by a former Professor of Budapest University. It is an exhaustive comparative survey of the first twenty years of Soviet Socialist economy and the same period of Capitalist economy.

Demy. 8vo. 268 *pp.* 10/6 *net.*

LAWRENCE & WISHART LTD., 2, Parton Street, London, W.C.1

FAMILY PORTRAITS

The Locks of Norbury. By THE DUCHESS OF SERMONETA. *Murray.* 18s.

"The charm of family life," said George Moore, "is its intensity." And a family chronicle must be very badly written, or the family with which it deals very dull indeed, not to provide some chapters of absorbing interest. *The Locks of Norbury* is neither better nor worse written than many other productions of the same kind. The narrative is a trifle long-winded: the style is vague: but the Locks were entertaining and lively people, versatile, intelligent, with a gift for friendship, and the story of their progress down the generations is equally entertaining from the historical or the human standpoint. They had a useful knack of making important acquaintances; and among persons more or less closely associated with them were Madame de Staël and Talleyrand (neighbours and protégés, at a time when Juniper Hall close-by was a refugee encampment), Fanny Burney (one of Mrs. Lock's dearest friends), Richard Wilson (whom Mr. Lock discovered and patronised), Fuseli and Lawrence, the Princess of Wales and Byron's Lady Oxford, Nelson, Lady Hamilton and Count d'Orsay. Yet the origins of the clan were obscure and recent, William Lock I being the illegitimate son of the member for Grimsby by a woman of whom very little can be discovered, and to whom her later descendants did not refer. William Lock inherited his father's fortune and, in 1767, he made a sensible and unusually happy marriage with Frederica Schaub, a daughter of that adroit cosmopolitan, Sir Luke Schaub, who had followed George I to England on the Hanoverian accession and had enriched himself in the English diplomatic service. From this union, of an amiable and cultured man and an adoring, sentimental, good-hearted woman, sprang a family of four sons and three daughters. The authoress, who is herself a great-great-granddaughter of the eldest son, has sifted through the correspondence of the entire family and put together an admirable selection of contemporary documents. None of the Locks of Norbury was a brilliant letter-writer; but they were unselfconscious, enthusiastic and full of gusto.

A consideration of their respective existences leaves one amused and miserable. It is so easy after the lapse of more than a hundred years to take a God's-eye view of their various characters and see each character being moulded by its limitations, solidifying and losing elasticity with the approach of middle age, though still fretted from within by some secret restlessness. The eldest son had wanted to be a painter. Artists, who frequented his father's table, gave him great hopes and a measure of flattery; but poor William was clear-sighted if not very talented and, after visiting the masterpieces of Italian art, he came to an abrupt decision that he must abandon the project and settled down to a life of vagrant sight-seeing. He developed into a cultured expatriate of ample means, flitting from capital to capital, gallery to gallery, handsome, dissatisfied, remote and self-absorbed. As restless a character, and far worse balanced, was Charles Lock, the difficult and quarrelsome second son. Charles was the family's stormy petrel. Having married Cecilia Ogilvie, a daughter of the Duchess of Leinster by her romantic alliance with an Irish tutor—the Duchess, in the course of her first marriage, had already given birth to twenty children—Charles Lock obtained the appointment of Consul-General to the Kingdom of Naples.

BOOK BARGAINS

You will find some excellent bargains in the Sale of withdrawn stock at Bumpus. See them for yourself downstairs; or send for Lists.

J. & E. BUMPUS LTD.

BOOKSELLERS SINCE 1790

477 OXFORD ST., W.1

THE ANGLO-SOVIET JOURNAL

A new quarterly Journal containing articles and information on the scientific and cultural life of the U.S.S.R.

Edited by Dr. G. M. VEVERS

16 *pp. of illustrations.* 2*s. net. Annual Subs.* 8/- *post free.*

First No. just published

Contents include:

The All-Union Agricultural Exhibition, by D. Shillan.
The Soviet Pavilion at the New York World's Fair.
Combating Drought.
State and Collective Farms Round the U.S.S.R., etc.

Subscription forms and full prospectus on application to:

LINDSAY DRUMMOND LTD.

6/7, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

FALSE TEETH

and comfort with confidence

A denture which, owing to gum shrinkage, no longer fits perfectly, is painful and embarrassing. To restore comfort with confidence Dentists recommend KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, prepared specifically *to make false teeth fit firmly.* Sprinkled evenly but sparingly on the contact surface of the plate, KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE will hold it in position for many hours. From all Chemists in 1/3d. Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag; also in the large 'Economy' size, 3/3d.

Highly Placed

Said a highly placed air authority last night: "When you realise that 10,000 robot 'planes—without pilots or bombing crews—can be sent into enemy country by pushing a button, the whole business of aerial warfare becomes a farce."

Daily Sketch.

This is one of the 400 "Blimpisms" from

THIS ENGLAND

Selected by V. S. Pritchett and illustrated by LOW.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE. ONE SHILLING.

Post free from the Publishers to any address, 1s. 2d. per copy.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,

10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

London and Provincial Amusements

OPERA & BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1. 2*d.* bus fr. Piccadilly. (Ter. 1672.) 9*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* Next Week: WED., at 7, DON GIOVANNI (1st Perf.). THURS., at 7, DIE FLEDERMAUS. SAT., at 2.30, CARMEN. SAT., at 7, DON GIOVANNI.

ARTS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE
Monday–Saturday. February 5–10.
Nightly at 7.30. Matinees, Thurs. & Sat. at 2.30.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY
FLEDERMAUS, TRAVIATA, FAUST
All seats bookable: 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Box Office 10 a.m.–8 p.m. (Cambridge 2000.)

THEATRES

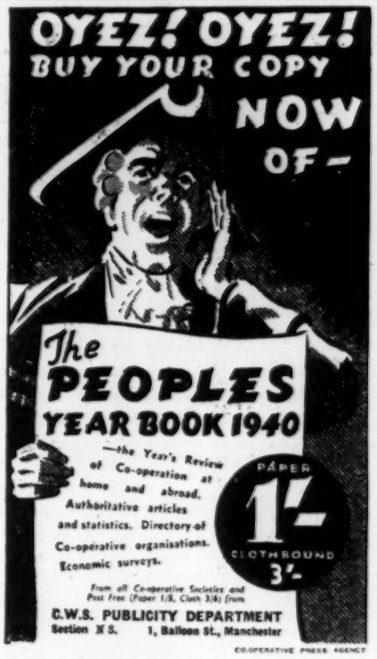
ARTS. (Leicester Sq. Stn.). Temple Bar 7542.
Thur., 8th February, 8.30 (ex. Mons.) Mats., W., Sat., 2.30.
BALLET RAMBERT
Premiere CAP OVER MILL, by Walter Gore.
Music: Stanley Bate. Decor: Nadia Benois.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.15 (ex Mondays).
Matinees: WED., THUR. and SAT., 2.30.
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST
Final Performance Saturday, February 24th.

PICCADILLY. (Ger. 4506.) Evgs., 7.45 (ex. Mons.)
Mats., Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS.
THE CORN IS GREEN
A COMEDY BY EMLYN WILLIAMS.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evgs. 6.15 & 9. (ex Mons.)
Matinees, Saturdays, at 2.30.
BEATRICE LILLIE BOBBY HOWES
and FRED EMNEY in
ALL CLEAR REVUE

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) Evgs., 8.40. Th. & Sat., 2.30.
ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON in
SPOTTED DICK
A new farce by BEN TRAVERS.
"YOU WILL LAUGH AND LAUGH AND LAUGH."


OYEZ! OYEZ!
BUY YOUR COPY
NOW
OF-
The PEOPLES YEAR BOOK 1940
—the Year's Review of Co-operation at home and abroad.
Authoritative articles and statistics. Directory of Co-operative organisations. Economic surveys.
PAPER
1/-
CLOTHBOUND
3/-
From all Co-operative Societies and Post free (Paper 1/3, Cloth 3/6) from
C.W.S. PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT
Section N S. 1, Balloon St., Manchester
CO-OPERATIVE PRESS AGENCY

TAVISTOCK LITTLE. Tavistock Place, W.C.1.
EVGS. (ex. Mon.), 7.30. Mats., Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
DOWN OUR STREET
by ERNEST GEORGE.
"A masterpiece of Cockney Life."
With NANCY PRICE as "Annie Collins."
All seats bookable, 1*s.* 3*d.* to 5*s.* EUS. 2796.

TORCH. (Slo. 9966.) Nightly, ex. Mons., at 8.0.
Tuesday, Feb. 6th, till Sunday, Feb. 18th.
JEANNIE
by AMIE STUART.
Produced by IRENE HENTSCHEL.
Members (1*s.* p.a.) only. Prices 5*s.* 9*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.* 9*d.*

THEATRES—continued

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) EVENINGS, ex. Mons., 7.30.
TURN UP THE LIGHTS
A Show to send you home singing.
Members only. 1/6, 2/6, 3/6. (Sub. 1/- p.a. Share 1/-.)

VICTORIA PALACE. Vic. 1317. 3rd YEAR.
TWICE NIGHTLY, 5.45 and 8.0.
LUPINO LANE in
ME AND MY GIRL
with TEDDIE ST. DENIS
(Last 2 Weeks)

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 8/6 to 2/6, bookable.
Nightly (ex. Mon.), at 8.0. Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
BEATRIX LEHMANN in EUGENE O'NEILL'S
DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

FILMS

ACADEMY Cinema, 165 Oxford St. Ger. 2981
SACHA GUITRY
in his amusing historical diversion
"REMONTONS LES CHAMPS ELYSEES" (A)
Magnificent Spectacle and Sparkling Wit.

RESTAURANTS

GOURMETS come to Rules to give themselves a treat and pay their guests a complement. RULES, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GREEK RESTAURANT. The White Tower, 1 Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road. Museum 2187. For Greek and Near Eastern food and wines at their best. Shashliks, Stuffed Vine-leaves, Raki, Retsina wine, etc. Business as usual. Open on Sundays.

A.R.P. yourself at The Book Wine Restaurant facing British Museum, where you can also read "The New Statesman" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

HEALTH

MISS J. D. WALLINGTON (and Mrs. Helen Whitticom). Health Practitioner, Osteopath, and Bonesetter, treats all conditions of ill-health by natural methods. Consultations by appointment, 1 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 0131: and 2 Norton Way North, Letchworth. Tel.: Letchworth 885

THEN there is always KINGSTON. Enquiries to The Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh.

Preserved in his letters is a delightful account of the hazards of an eighteenth-century sea voyage during time of war. The whole party, of course, was prostrate with sea-sickness. They were nearly shipwrecked, almost captured by privateers, while the baby, owing to its popularity with the honest sailors, was repeatedly attacked by swarms of lice. Even their dog, Tiger, was reduced to a skeleton, "the extraordinary motion, bustle, clamour, repeated firing on board the ship" having "so agitated him that many thought him going mad."

Arrived at his destination, Charles Lock lost no time in plunging into hot water. Nelson and his mistress were then all-powerful at the Court of Naples; Lock, not unnaturally, disliked them both—a more unprepossessing pair it would have been hard to imagine, or a worse and weaker Minister than Sir William Hamilton—and had a violent scene with Nelson on the Admiral's quarter-deck. Since Cecilia Lock was half-sister to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the famous Irish patriot, it was not difficult for Lady Hamilton to persuade the King and Queen that Charles Lock himself was a dangerous revolutionary; and, when the Consul attended a court masquerade in the costume of a "Thames fisherman," which he had worn with success at London parties, Maria Carolina was deeply offended, remarking: "*Il n'était pas nécessaire que M. Lock vint ici nous braver dans un costume sans culottes pour démontrer ses principes . . . ils sont déja assez connus*"; while Ferdinand gave orders for his prompt ejection.

Charles Lock's story, besides its intrinsic pathos—he died young, during a rambling tour through the Near East—contains some memorable glimpses of life at the Neapolitan Court, of Nelson's shameful betrayal of the Neapolitan Liberals (whose leader he swung up at his own yard-arm) and of the infatuated little sailor himself and his blowsy concubine. No other section of the book is quite so vivid; but all are worth reading, for there is scarcely a chapter that does not include some curious side-light on history or introduce the outline of some remarkable personage. William, the dilettante eldest son, married a famous beauty, the daughter of a celebrated eccentric (known as "Dog" Jennings because he claimed to have discovered a contemporary statue of Alcibiades' tailless mastiff) who used to receive visitors, wearing a beaver hat and dressed in an ancient brown suit with enormous silver buttons, from the depths of "an immense arm-chair lined with carpet," where he lay "in a reclining position approaching nearly to the horizontal . . . his legs on a Roman triclinium which he valued greatly . . . ." Between them, the collector's daughter and the virtuoso produced one of those rare masterpieces in flesh and blood for which the world can seldom provide an adequate showcase. "Captain William Lock of the Life Guards" (read his obituary notice, when he was drowned in a squall on the Lake of Como) was "distinguished by a personal beauty that certainly equalled, perhaps surpassed, the highest masterpieces of Grecian sculpture." Everything about him was cut on the heroic pattern—his profile and his whiskers, his charm and his racing debts; and naturally his marriage took the form of an elopement—during 1829, in a yellow post-chaise, from London to Brighton while the family of Selina Tollemache were all at church. Their daughter, Leila, was three times married and lived a life of feverish excitement amid the courts of Europe. The authoress remembers her as a lace-capped grandmother, calm, peremptory, distinguished, a little forbidding.

From a chronicle so detailed and discursive one must be content to pick an episode here and there. One would have liked, for example, to devote a paragraph to the engaging, sweet-natured, prodigiously prolific Duchess of Leinster and her dour devoted husband, the ex-schoolmaster; to the morose melancholic Comte de Viry, who married Cecilia Lock's elder daughter, and the no less disagreeable Lord Wallscourt, a mad Irish peer, who married William Lock III's only sister and "liked walking about the house with no clothes on," but "at his wife's suggestion, carried a cow-bell in his hand . . . so that the maidservants had notice of his approach . . . ." From old Mrs. Lock (*née* Frederica Schaub), meandering sentimentally around her garden, admiring the hawthorn blossom, fleeing from visitors, consoling the Princess of Wales, enduring the effusiveness of Madame de Staël, receiving the serpentine courtesies of Talleyrand and corresponding at vast length with Fanny Burney, to her daughter-in-law (the faded shadow of Elizabeth Jennings) in Paris during the revolution of 1830:

> I did not tell you of a Cannon Ball . . . flying into the garden! It made so extraordinary a hissing that I ran into the garden thinking the pussies were fighting . . . . None of the pussies were killed . . . . D'Orsay called on me yesterday, he has been winning all the races here and is very *glorieux*.

—and so on, right to the threshold of the Edwardian age, here is an extraordinary perspective of English social life, as lived by well-to-do, kindly and cultured people, in some of the most important periods of English history. The book is well produced and pleasantly illustrated; but it seems a pity that the Genealogical Table before Chapter One should be so tightly bound up into the spine of the volume that many names and dates are hard to decipher.

PETER QUENNELL

YOUR WILL

It is almost too evident that in a time of emergency the need to have made a will is underlined; also the need to have chosen an Executor who is capable

Increasingly people are turning to the corporate body rather than to the relative or friend. The Westminster Bank is here able to offer you a service.

Should you appoint the Bank as your Executor your estate has the benefits of

(*a*) A trained staff to deal with difficulties
(*b*) An administration which cannot be biased
(*c*) Officials who may be consulted at any reasonable time, and are pledged to secrecy
(*d*) Immense resources behind your trust

Inquiries will be gladly answered at any branch of

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

whose TRUSTEE DEPARTMENT *has a temporary headquarters at*

Priory Mansions, Bath Rd., Bournemouth

but new business proposals and matters of urgency may still be discussed at 53 THREADNEEDLE ST., E.C.2

Trustee Offices also in BRISTOL, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, *and* PICCADILLY

"PENOLOGY"

The Dilemma of Penal Reform. By HERMANN MANNHEIM. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Dr. Mannheim was until 1933 Professor in the Faculty of Law of Berlin University and Judge of the Berlin Court of Appeal. He is now the first teacher of criminology in an English university and *The Dilemma of Penal Reform* is his first English book. These facts give some measure of the significance of the work, which probably exceeds its intrinsic value. England has produced a continuous stream of humanitarian effort for prisoners, and, hidden in the Home Office, a succession of administrators capable of daring experiments and still more daring thought. But not until the new barbarism drove German scholars westwards did it occur to the English people that penology was a subject for serious academic study. Even now, as Dr. Mannheim points out, the word "penologist" is given inverted commas which cast doubt on its bona fides as of old the broad arrow stigmatised the convict.

In fact Dr. Mannheim is "the penologist on probation." If he satisfies the dons that his subject is worthy of the dignity of a question, or even a whole paper; if he stirs up enough students to ask for more; if he convinces even one judge that the experiments and experiences of other countries are worthy of attention, then his work at the London School of Economics may have lasting influence on the English penal system.

This book gives promise of his success. It consists of a series

Company Meeting

F. W. WOOLWORTH & CO., LIMITED

MR. W. L. STEPHENSON'S ADDRESS

THE Thirty-first Annual General Meeting of F. W. Woolworth & Co., Limited, was held in London on January 26th.

Mr. W. L. Stephenson (Chairman), presiding, said (in part) :—

The net trading profit before taxation at £7,612,601 shows an increase of £651,459 over the previous year and constitutes a new high record. The provision for taxation to date at £2,950,725, an increase of £918,979, is also a new high record, and the net profit, after taxation, at £4,661,876, shows a reduction of £267,519.

During the first few weeks of the war period the demand for merchandise was so heavy that our stocks were very soon reduced to a dangerously low condition. For a time deliveries were uncertain.

Our manufacturers were able to place at our disposal considerable stocks of goods which had been prepared against our regular trade requirements, and our customers reaped the benefit of that condition. I must emphasise the obvious fact that the supply of merchandise to our business is its very life's blood. Manufacturers were faced at once with many difficulties, dearth of materials, rising prices, the requisitioning of plant and machinery for war work, depletion of staff, etc. With very few exceptions, they recognised the importance of maintaining the very large market they had built up through the medium of the unique distributing facilities of the company, and every effort was made to hold down prices and keep supplies coming forward.

After the first few weeks of dislocation much-needed supplies began to flow into the branches, and the figure of stocks on hand at £4,156,450 indicates a remarkable recovery, and gives me the opportunity to pay both our manufacturers and the carriers a well-earned tribute.

Our business suffered very much in vulnerable areas which had experienced very heavy evacuation. Nevertheless, we were in a position to more than make up the sales lost by the greatly increased business done in neutral and safe areas. Whilst there was a falling-off in the demand for novelty types of goods, it was much more than offset by increased sales on staple commodities. The cutting-off of imports had little effect, as we have depended upon them only to a small extent.

759 BRANCHES IN OPERATION

Our somewhat ambitious programme for the year was not carried through in its entirety. Twenty-two new stores were added, bringing the number of branches in operation to 759. Considerable extensions and replacements were carried out.

The substantial increase in the item freehold properties includes a number of sites which have passed into our possession, secured with the object of providing enlarged and improved accommodation in important centres. The Board are investigating the possibilities of proceeding with the construction of some major propositions.

After describing staff arrangements, the Chairman said : In every instance it is understood that the Service men will regain their old positions when they return and the Service pay of these men is also being augmented by the company. I sincerely express, on behalf of the Board, and of the stockholders, thanks and appreciation to the whole staff for their loyal efforts in the past year.

In regard to this year I can see no other course open to us than that of carrying on the business of the company with every conceivable energy. There will be difficulties both in regard to supplies and prices, but we have met and overcome difficulties before, and we feel that while temporary expedients might have to be adopted, we shall manage to keep in being a wide range and variety of regular Woolworth articles on which our business has grown. Quite apart from the matter of more or less profit, there is the all-important goodwill of the Woolworth customer to be protected and retained.

With the highly valued collaboration of our manufacturers, our aim will be to prevent any unwarranted increase in price or reduction in value. It is inevitable that there will be changes—some, indeed, have already taken place—but the object of our large buying force will be to service the public with a minimum of alteration.

We are fortunate that in most of the higher positions and in the management of our larger establishments we have veterans of the last war, which will ensure efficient control.

I know it cannot be too pleasing for a stockholder to realise that although the company has enjoyed a record year, the dividend warrant is for a lesser amount. But there must be some pride and satisfaction in the knowledge that a sum just short of £3,000,000 in direct taxation will at once be handed to the Government as the result of the company's trading efforts of 1939. It may well be that the Government will participate in the earnings to an even greater extent in the near future, but I find in this no reason for an easing off in effort. The paramount objective of the Board is to maintain the business in the highest possible state of efficiency, and thus protect the tremendous goodwill we assuredly enjoy and hold together our very large staff.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK

MR. COLIN F. CAMPBELL'S ADDRESS

THE 107th Annual General Meeting of the National Provincial Bank was held at the Head Office, London, E.C., on Tuesday last. Mr. Colin F. Campbell, Chairman, presided.

The Chairman referred, with regret, to the resignation of Sir Victor Schuster from the Board, and continued (in part) :

Our chief liability, Current, Deposit and other accounts at £336,000,000 is £26,000,000 in excess of the figure of a year ago and is a record in the history of the Bank. Cash at £36,600,000 shows an increase of rather over £2,000,000. Money at call and short notice stands at over £19 million and Bills Discounted at £60,000,000 are up by no less than £28,000,000. The average return on Treasury Bills has risen from 12*s.* 3*d.* for 1938 to £1 4*s.* 3*d.* per cent. per annum for the year 1939, and the improvement in rates this year has helped to offset reduction in income elsewhere. Advances are practically unaltered at the figure of £139,000,000. It was obvious the initial shock of the outbreak of War was bound to have adverse effects on the situation of many of our customers through no fault on their part. We have always found in the past that a patient and sympathetic understanding on our part of our customers' difficulties has enabled them in due course to readjust themselves to altered conditions.

No one will doubt the wisdom of the authorities in instituting a strict control over the issue of capital in war conditions. Yet with the gradual gearing up of our industrial machine to maximum output, the need for additional capital of all kinds is insistent. There is, however, a vast field where the services of bankers in providing working capital may be more fully utilised.

The needs of agriculture have been brought prominently to our notice, and the services of the banks may be relied upon to help those who are dealing with the situation seriously.

The investments at over £78 million show a reduction of £8 million, and constitute just over 23 per cent. of our total deposits. The bulk of our investments is in short term redeemable stocks—a policy which has been amply justified.

The recently announced replacement of the 4½ per cent. Conversion Loan by an issue at 2 per cent., maturing in three to five years, indicates that when the time arrives for the issue of a longer dated stock, a moderate rate of interest is to be anticipated.

The net profit of £1,718,983 shows a reduction of some £50,000. Having regard to the exceptional conditions of the past twelve months, I am sure you will all agree that the result is most satisfactory.

The Dividend is continued at 15 per cent. and we have continued to allocate £100,000 to Bank Premises and £250,000 to Pension Fund, leaving to be carried forward £520,659.

The Chairman then described the wartime staff arrangements and mentioned that already over 1,200 men had left to serve in the armed forces and that the Board had taken action in safeguarding their interests. He continued :

The urgency of an expansion of our Export Trade and the general benefits to be reaped from it have seldom or never been paralleled in the history of this country. And, it may be added, the spirit of co-operation between the Empire countries, France and ourselves, coupled with a world sentiment unmistakably hostile to the enemy, render our trading prospects immeasurably more favourable than they were, for example, during the war of 1914–1918. It cannot, however, be repeated too often that the price factor is frequently the determining one when dealing with foreign trade. It is therefore all important that the efforts now being made by the Government to prevent a continuing rise in manufacturing costs and prices should meet with success.

It would be hard to find a period in our history when so much financial advice has been offered to the authorities. To speak in generalities is no doubt useful, but more precise guidance is required by what is called the man in the street, who is a little bewildered at present as to what is required of him. Economy in expenditure and the avoidance of waste are always as important as the raising of finance, and the close economic alliance with France and the appointment of a Select Committee on Expenditure have been warmly welcomed.

The first few months of the war constitute a period of readjustment of the whole of the nation's economy. That this process is being accomplished with a minimum of serious dislocation, reflects great credit on those who many months ago were obliged to formulate plans. Mistakes there have been, and it is well that public criticism has assisted to remedy them. There is the risk of danger in over criticism for it not only tends to undermine the confidence of those who may be doing their best, but also discredits just and necessary criticism. The absence of any fighting on the scale anticipated during the first four months of the war is no doubt trying to the nerves, but patience is absolutely necessary if we are not to dissipate our energies, and so long as we do not rush into ill-considered adventures I think we need have no fear as to the ultimate result of the struggle.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

of public lectures given by Dr. Mannheim last winter when the Criminal Justice Bill was in the early stages of its journey through the House of Commons. The theories underlying the practical proposals of the Bill are examined honestly and, as the title suggests, the author faces his difficulties fair and square. He has not presented us with "Penal Reform made Easy" for he is a realist and knows that it can't be done. The lectures are the product of a full mind equipped with up-to-date knowledge of the literature of penology and of criminal law and administration in many states of Europe and America. The book is balanced and judicial and it is documented with a scholar's thoroughness. So it should win the approval of the learned—and one dares to hope of the "Learned" also. Despite the intrusion of certain jargon of the economists—that familiar "principle of less eligibility" for example—it is easy to read and, as the author's learning mercifully fails to hide his humour and humanity, it should attract the ordinary reader. Most important of all, it is provocative of discussion and should entice mettlesome undergraduates to turn their brains on to the subject which Dr. Mannheim is teaching.

His Dilemma is created by the fact that public opinion to-day lags behind the opinion of the expert and poses dilemmas of its own, which seem real enough until one learns "penology." There is the economic dilemma—how can you turn a rogue into an honest man if you let him waste his time in prison using antiquated machinery and put him at the end of the queue at the Employment Exchange when he comes out; but how can you appease the wrath and encourage the toil of the honest man if the rogue's prison becomes a technical school with a good job at the end of the course? This is an over-simplification of which the author is innocent, but it indicates one aspect of the problem. There is the social dilemma; there is the legal dilemma; altogether six horns on which, for our education if not for our comfort, Dr. Mannheim invites us to impale ourselves.

It is to be hoped that in spite of the war and the standstill in social reform, this book will be widely read and its author encouraged to pursue his researches and his teaching in this virgin field of penology.

CICLEY CRAVEN

BOOKS TO COME

Messrs. Macmillan's long association with the Irish Literary Movement continues with the publication this spring of seven volumes by distinguished Irish writers. For February 15th, they announce *The Irish Theatre*, edited by Lennox Robinson, which consists of the ten lectures delivered by Directors and workers of the Abbey Theatre during the Abbey Festival in 1938. These include essays on *Synge* by Frank O'Connor, *Lady Gregory* by Lennox Robinson, *Yeats and Poetic Drama in Ireland* by F. R. Higgins, *Early History of the Abbey Theatre* by A. E. Malone, *Sean O'Casey* by Walter Starkie and *Gaelic Drama* by Walter Blythe. Due on the same day are Sean O'Casey's new play, *The Star Turns Red*, dealing with the Fascists, the Church and the Workers, and *Three Plays* by Teresa Deevy, *Katie Roche*, *The Wild Goose* and *The King of Spain's Daughter*, all of which were first produced at the Abbey Theatre.

On February 27th, Macmillans publish the *Last Poems and Plays of Yeats* and *The Gap of Brightness*, lyrical poems by F. R. Higgins. The remaining Irish volumes, to be published in March and May respectively, are a new novel by Frank O'Connor, *Dutch Interior*, and *A Scattering of Boughs*, appreciations of Yeats, edited by Stephen Gwynn.

Messrs. Allen and Unwin wish to make it clear that whilst they are not as yet increasing the prices of their general books, they are, in conformity with their signature of the agreement reached by the Publishers' Association, raising the prices of their new novels as specified therein. They announce for February 13th, *Men and Ideas*, a posthumous collection of essays and lectures by Graham Wallas, with an introduction by Gilbert Murray, and *Lancashire For Me*, the autobiography of Thomas Thompson.

Dent announces for February 8th, *Hollywood is the Place*, by Charles Landery, a book whose subject is treated sociologically.

Miss Gladys Scott Thomson continues her history of the Dukes of Bedford and their estates related in her *Life in a Noble Household* in *The Russells in Bloomsbury*, 1669–1771, coming from Cape on February 9th. In the course of her story, she throws much light upon the early history of Bloomsbury and the growth of the estate from fields to an urban quarter of Georgian architecture.

In *The Idiocy of Idealism* by Oscar Levy, coming from Hodge on February 15th, the author, who is described approvingly by Bernard Shaw as "a well-known and entirely tactless Nietzchean Jew," ascribes the rise of Nazism to Judaism and the principle of "the Chosen People," whilst he traces back the fact of Bolshevism to Christianity and its "blessed are the poor and ignorant." Mr. Shaw in his letter agrees that "what Herr Hitler believes to be a German triumph of Anti-Semitism is really a complete and disastrous conquest of the German mind by the mentality of Jewry."

An inside story of the Ministry of Information, 999 *And All That* by Norman Riley, is announced by Gollancz for February 12th. The author is a newspaperman who worked in Miniform in its early days. Gollancz publishes on the same day *Mandragora*, a novel about the drug traffic, by John Palmer, who dealt with this problem in his capacity as an official of the League of Nations; and *The Danube*, by Emil Lengyel, a book on the legends and history of the Danubian countries.

It is a curious fact that only two biographies of John Pym have been published since his death in 1643. A new one, *John Pym*, 1583–1643: *The Statesman of the Revolution*, comes on February 6th from Murray. The author, Mr. S. Reed Brett, has made use of much new material which has emerged since the publication of the last biography in 1912.

Mr. Eric Hosking (a well-known field naturalist and photographer) has collaborated with Mr. C. W. Newberry in *Intimate Sketches from Bird Life*, an illustrated book coming from Country Life on February 9th. Dr. Julian Huxley has written a foreword.

William Saroyan's new volume of stories, *Peace, It's Wonderful*, comes from Faber on February 8th. This firm is issuing the first two volumes of its new *Sesame Books* series (price 2s. 6d. each) on February 15th—T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land and Other Poems* and *Selected Poems* by Stephen Spender.

Mr. Arthur Greenwood's *Why We Fight: Labour's Case* is due from Routledge on February 9th, price 5s.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* is a much-recorded work, partly, no doubt, owing to its popularity as music, but partly, I cannot help thinking, because it is packed with orchestral effects that "come off" strikingly on the gramophone. Thus each new set becomes a sort of *tour de force* from which it is possible to gauge the strides made in recording since the last set was made. It is with pleasure, therefore, that I feel able to state that this new set, made by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Bruno Walter (H.M.V.) is one of the most remarkable pieces of recording I have ever heard. Perhaps I cannot describe it better than by saying that it is as different from an American recording as possible: there is no muddiness; no shrieking strings; Walter conducts the whole thing with the greatest possible discretion and subtlety; the timbre-distinction is consummate. The harps at the beginning of the Valse make one sit forward in one's chair, and the drums in the slow movement really do sound like distant thunder. This is a far better performance of the work than I have ever heard in a concert room; anyone who can still afford whole sets should make sacrifices, if necessary, to acquire this one, for it makes gramophone history. So, in another sense, does Haydn's *Symphony in D minor*, No. 80, played by the Orchestra of the New Friends of Music under Fritz Stiedry (H.M.V.). This is one of the set recently discovered by Dr. Alfred Einstein in (I think) the Esterhazy collection. All these symphonies belong to Haydn's middle period and are of the very first interest. The present example does not show the mastery of the Salomon set: homogeneity is not among its virtues, and the four movements compose, so to speak, a collection of admirable short stories rather than a novel. But each movement is enchanting in itself and bears authentic marks of its provenance. The recording, though made in America, is extremely good. Eight shillings is very little to pay for such a work.

H.M.V. issue an imposing album of *Die Walküre, Act II.* The Brünnhilde-Wotan scene is shorn of a good many pages, thus robbing the emotional crescendo of some of its effect; otherwise the recording is complete. The first three scenes were made by Bruno Seidler-Winkler and the Berlin Philharmonic, the last two by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic. The Wotan of Hans Hotter is impressive, except when he attempts to force his voice; Marta Fuchs shows herself an adequate, but in no way great, Brünnhilde; the Fricka of Margarete Klose almost equals one's memory of Onegin's; Lotte Lehmann makes all too brief an appearance as Sieglinde; and Melchior is recognisably himself as Siegmund. The halving of the performance was not a good idea: the two orchestras are as different as chalk from cheese; the balance is only fairly good and the second half has a ringing echo. True-blue Wagnerians will no doubt want to possess this set, but other people are advised to give it a miss. No one would deny the symphonic power of the act as a whole, nor the extreme beauty of an isolated passage here and there; but its emotional world is horribly fusty and unpleasant, the continual emphasis distracting, and the sentimental violence defeats its own end. One realises, only too well, why Hitler finds this music so sympathetic.

At the opposite pole stands Prokofieff's latest work, *Peter and the Wolf*. This "orchestral fairy-tale" is a logical development

Company Meeting

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

THE HON. RUPERT E. BECKETT'S ADDRESS

THE Annual Ordinary General Meeting of The Westminster Bank Limited was held on Wednesday at the Head Office, Lothbury, London, E.C.2. The Hon. Rupert E. Beckett (Chairman) presided and referred to the loss the Bank sustained by the deaths of Lord Inchcape and Mr. Arthur Asquith. He welcomed Lord Runciman's return to the Board and continued (in part):—

The total of our Current and Deposit Accounts shows an increase on 1938 of some £20 millions. But the monthly average during 1939 was actually some £7 millions less than that of the previous year. Our earnings depend upon the average figures and not upon the total at one particular date. The late increase in deposits was carried in the items "money at call and short notice," "bills discounted," and "advances to customers," which together rose by nearly £25 millions, whilst our investments were lower by nearly £9 millions. It will thus be seen that the changes have made for increased liquidity in our assets. Liquidity makes for strength, and the strong position disclosed in our Balance Sheet to-day, in common with that of the other great banks, testifies to the adaptability and flexibility of the British banking system even in times of major world upheaval.

THE BRITISH BANKING SYSTEM

I think it appropriate here to say a word on other merits of the banking system of this country, especially when so much is said and written to its detriment. It is frequently implied, for instance, that the banks have an unlimited power to extend credit, but actually their lending power is limited by their accustomed ratio of advances to deposits, and the volume of deposits is itself governed by the Bank of England, acting on behalf of the State. Apart from this fundamental control, the banks have considerable freedom, which clearly they have not abused, or the British banking system would not stand so high in world-wide repute as it does to-day. This freedom gives considerable national advantages, which a purely state-run institution would not confer. We have evidence in Germany of how complete government control of the financial machinery of the country provides a loophole for the diversion of funds into its own selected channels, with complete disregard for the normal demands for capital by industry, commerce, and private individuals. In any country where finance is so controlled, the temptation for the government to exercise its powers with the cardinal view of maintaining and reinforcing party ends must be ever present and extremely dangerous. Under private enterprise, bankers are left free to satisfy the financial requirements of the community as between themselves and their customers and not as between the State and users of banking services. The soundness and intrinsic merits of any transaction are the overriding considerations, and discrimination to further the ends of any political party is quite unknown. Again, banking risks which have been turned "sour" by the onset of war, or by other major disturbance, are borne by the banks alone, and do not become a charge on the public purse. But perhaps the crowning argument of all is that the deposits of the banks' customers remain their property, not liable to be swept into the State purse by the fiat of a dictator.

Apart from the slight reduction in the average volume of our deposits last year, there were other factors which influenced the earning power of our assets, usually to our disadvantage. Bank Rate, which had remained unchanged at 2 per cent. since June 1932, was last year raised to 4 per cent. on August 24th, lowered to 3 per cent. on September 28th, and brought back again to 2 per cent. on October 26th, so that for about two months it ruled higher than in previous years. Increased rates for deposits at once came into force, but on the other hand, it was in only a few cases that banks were able to raise in due proportion their charges for advances. Moreover, the higher rates did not persist long enough for much benefit to accrue from our bill holdings.

The Chairman then said that one frequently heard that banks flourish whatever the good or ill fortune of the rest of the trading community, but he quoted figures to prove that the Bank's profit had varied over a period of years in accord with the vicissitudes of the economic fortunes of the country.

The profit figure of £1,475,744 for 1939 was arrived at after providing for Rebate and Taxation and after appropriations to Contingency Accounts, out of which full provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts had been made. Exceptional expenditure on wartime measures both of a capital and of a revenue nature has had to be met. Some of the A.R.P. capital expenditure has been charged to Premises Account, which, after being credited with an appropriation of £100,000, stands at a conservative figure of £5,345,988. We have allocated to Officers Pension Fund £300,000, and after payment of the usual dividends, the Carry Forward is increased by some £7,000. It is no less gratifying to the Directors than to the Shareholders that, out of earnings during such a difficult year as last, we have been able to maintain our dividends at the rates which have prevailed during the past few years.

The Chairman then referred to the Westminster Foreign Bank Ltd. and the Ulster Bank Ltd. and continued:—Unless there is a sudden end to hostilities, which seems unlikely, Government expenditure on an unprecedented scale for the prosecution of the war must go on. This means a continuous outflow of funds, largely, though not wholly, reaching the pockets of the wage-earning classes. If success attends the Government's appeal for strict economy and the ploughing back of additional resources into savings for defence purposes, a considerable proportion of these extra funds will be absorbed in this way, but there is every likelihood that a residue of them will accrue as bank deposits. The rate of increase of bank deposits, however, should be very much more restrained than in the last war.

EXPORT TRADE

Greater opportunities for the employment of funds also appear to be in prospect, not only as the result of the speeding up of the wartime machinery, but also as the outcome of increased overseas trade. It is encouraging to see that, after a temporary setback in our export trade, only natural in the initial dislocation brought about by war, a good measure of recovery has already been attained. From a great part of the Western world, Germany has been virtually ruled out as a trader, through the vigilance of our Navy. This means the removal of a formidable competitor. Other European countries also find their exports jeopardised by Germany's methods on the high seas, and some curtailment has naturally followed. Countries contiguous to Germany find German pressure to trade with her often against their own national interests, and trade conducted in sterling has obvious advantages over barter. Many South American countries, too, formerly large customers of Germany, now find that market closed to them, and their sympathies frequently incline them to turn to Britain. All these factors, then, combine to open up favourable avenues for our trade. But important neutral countries, which are not preoccupied as we are, are also well aware of these opportunities, and have more time and attention to give to their exploitation, so that although we have lost one formidable competitor, others will not be slow to enter the field. We shall need all our foresight, energy, and resourcefulness to win further trade through these outlets, but I have high hopes that we shall succeed. It is common knowledge that among our exporters there have been complaints with regard to the incidence of the many controls with which they have to contend in their efforts to extend overseas trade. One can anticipate that this situation will be adjusted by degrees, and that familiarity with the working of the necessary wartime dispositions will result in the improved running of our export machinery. I look forward to a healthy increase of our export trade, which is indeed essential when we are bound to import on an abnormal scale. Relating this development to the banking sphere, it should mean a greater employment of our funds in advances to finance these operations.

It would appear that increased deposits are in prospect, and that avenues for their employment will not be lacking, but owing to the necessity for increased provision against risks, I do not look for any appreciable rise in profits in the immediate future.

Many and acute problems confront us in the banking world no less than in other spheres. At the commencement of the last war, the banks in this country were more in number, as amalgamation had not then been developed to such an extent as it subsequently was. They took the strain, however, and successfully withstood the trials and difficulties inevitable in wartime. Once again the banks have to face the same situation, fewer in number it is true, but with resources greater than ever before.

In the wider and even more important sphere of national finances, provided our resources are preserved from waste, and the maximum savings of the community are made available for the national effort, we can hold complete confidence. Whatever the cost, we shall see this thing through. Braced with the knowledge of ever-growing strength on land, at sea, and in the air, we are certain that finance—the sinews of war—will fully perform its appointed tasks. We are fortified, too, by the knowledge that standing with us is our French ally, a nation reborn in the face of danger, and equally determined to attain our common objective. It is no small help to us to enjoy, as we do, the sympathies and confidence in our cause of all unbiased neutral opinion. Above all, we have never entered into any conflict with a more altruistic aim, and its rightness is unquestionable, despite the bitter disparagement and contempt with which our enemies try to besmirch it. Let us, then, go forward, stoically but cheerfully, prepared to meet any eventuality that may befall, in the sure and certain hope that our aims will be achieved.

The Report and Accounts were adopted and other formal business transacted.

from the same composer's earlier work, *The Ugly Duckling*, except that in this case the story is declaimed instead of being sung. The political parable is obvious, but managed with the skill of Walt Disney. The music is not in the least abstruse and the various themes given to the persons of the story (Peter, the duck, the wolf, the grandfather, etc.) are charmingly pretty. The symphonic commentary is exciting and ingenious: listen, for instance, to the flute letting the lasso down from the tree. Peter's jaunty tune, by the way, is clearly an anagram of the Lambeth Walk. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (H.M.V.) enjoy themselves hugely and communicate their enjoyment to us, but I for one could wish the narrator, Richard Hale, a trifle less arch. The recording is coarse and unpleasant, but as the work is almost bound to be a popular success, I hope we may soon have a Beecham set, in which case it would be a good idea to engage Mr. Arthur Marshall to recite the story: a frank caricature of Uncle's Bedtime Stories would be just the thing.

Nearly a year ago that great Liszt veteran, Emil Sauer, gave us, under the baton of another Liszt veteran, Weingartner, the composer's *First Piano Concerto*. The effort was a triumphant success; now they have attempted to repeat it with the *Second Concerto in A*. This is a finer work than the first, but for some mysterious reason Sauer does not rise to the occasion: his playing is flat and dull, definitely weak in the *alla marcia* passages, and in the cadenzas quite lacking in the wonderful glitter which was so striking a feature of his playing in the *First Concerto*. The orchestral part, by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (Col.), is admirably played and recorded; but the set as a whole cannot be compared with the marvellous Petri recording.

There are two single orchestral records this month which merit attention: an *Adagio in E* for violin and orchestra by Mozart, played by Jean Pougnet and conducted by Walter Goehr (Col.), and the Prelude to the Third Act of *Tristan*, played by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Weingartner (Col.). The first was written as an alternative slow movement for the "Turkish" *Violin Concerto in A* (K.219); it is a most gracious piece of music and beautifully played. The second is good without being in any way superlative. Those who already possess satisfactory recordings (and there are several) of this Prelude are not advised to exchange them for this one.

Beethoven's *Eroica Variations* (Parl.) for piano is a formidable work which really requires the weight of a man's arms behind it. Lili Kraus is one of the best pianists alive and her taste is faultless; but I hope I shall not be thought lacking in appreciation if I suggest that not all her technical resource and delicacy of phrasing quite make up for the dynamic power—the sheer ponderousness—which this music seems to call for. Chopin, on the other hand, requires no such quality, and that unfailing pianist, Eileen Joyce, gives well-nigh perfect performances of the *Berceuse* and *Fantaisie Impromptu* (Parl.). The famous middle section of the latter work is rendered with an extraordinary richness of tone which is very finely recorded. This is an important record. Indeed, discerning musicians would do well to make a collection of Eileen Joyce recordings: this astonishing pianist, whom I have never known to strike a false note, is all too seldom heard in public. Finally, the Schubert-Liszt *Soirée de Vienne in A*, played by Kentner (Col.), should, perhaps, be mentioned, though it is not, in the opinion of the present writer, to be compared with the Petri record of the same piece. Kentner's version is very heavy-footed, though the technical brilliance displayed is considerable.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 521

Set by Mary Nicholson

A bomb has exploded near you, and, although physically uninjured, you have lost your memory. No papers are found on you, except a small pocket diary, without name or address, but with entries up to Jan. 13th. The usual prizes are offered for a diary (not more than 250 words) which would be particularly useful to you in establishing what kind of a person you are.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Feb. 9th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 519

Set by G. W. Stonier

The habit of setting inscriptions, mostly Latin tags, on public buildings, might be varied with something lighter and more topical, in English. We offer the usual prizes of £2 2s. and half a guinea for the aptest verses (not more than 10 lines) which might be hung to catch the eye of visitors to the Houses of Parliament, a London railway terminus, a Palais de Danse, the B.B.C., the Bank of England, Transport House, the offices of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, the new Waterloo Bridge or Southend Pier.

Report by G. W. Stonier

There was a large entry to this competition. Most of the verses were uncomplimentary, and our institutions—the B.B.C. and the Bank of England especially—came in for some brisk criticism. The visitor to Threadneedle Street, after looking at the sculpture, would be delighted and reassured to find written over the portal:

. . . . the Figures within—there can be no doubt—
Are better by far than those without (H. F. Lawes),

and these lines, adorning the Houses of Parliament, might provide comfort to sufferers from the black-out:

Within these walls, in seemly rows,
Our legislators sit and doze,
Waking to pass some further Bill
To make existence darker still. . . (G. Green.)

I liked also the following:

THE NEW WATERLOO BRIDGE

What Rennie raised
All England praised:
What London razed
The world amazed:
This modern Jorum,
Pons Asinorum. (Sir Robert Witt.)

FOR THE NEW STATESMAN OFFICES

You who pause to read this rhyme
Admire our proud position—
The one great Statesman of the time
Who's in the Opposition. (K.K.)

VERSES ON A PALAIS DE DANSE

Come lasses and lads, take leave of your dads
And away to the Palais de Danse!
There are partners prime at a tanner a time,
So everyone gets a chance.
Becky shall dance with Abe,
And Gladys shall have her Jack.
All the fun of the town
For half a crown
Or you ask for your money back! (O. Ordish.)

Transport House and the London terminus defeated competitors.

There is not a great deal to choose between the entries already quoted and those of the prize-winners, but on the whole I think that "Little Billee" deserves the first prize for his verse on the B.B.C. and R. S. Jaffray the second for his Southend Pier.

FIRST PRIZE

VERSE TO BE HUNG IN THE B.B.C. BUILDING

British Public, what d'you lack?
(Fill in a postcard, send it back!)
Is it news and views you're after?
Or stainless and great-hearted laughter?
Shall bishops boom? or Gracie sing?
Or a Yankee programme swing?
Low comedians? Lofty teaching?
Must we always be beseeching
British Public, what d'you like?
Tell us—for the love of mike! "LITTLE BILLEE"

SECOND PRIZE

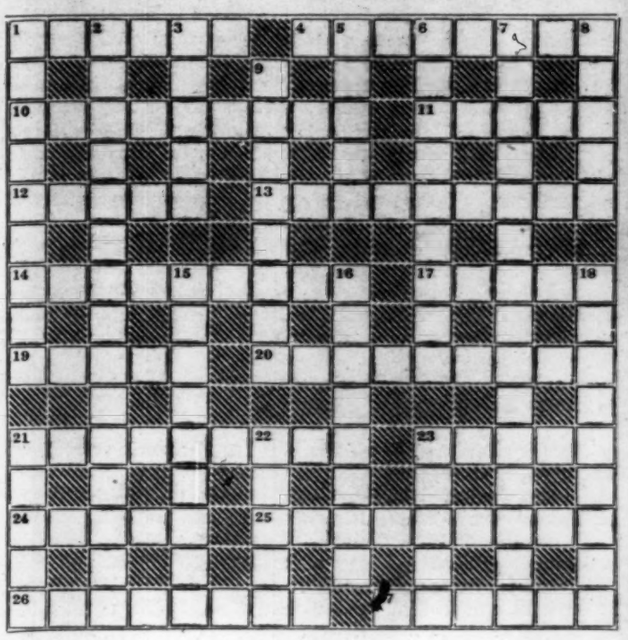
SOUTHEND PIER

It has been said, with lowered face,
Well, Southend is an Awful place—
To get away from which, it's clear,
They built Great Britain's longest Pier.

R. S. JAFFRAY

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 517

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

ACROSS

1. Take off the lining, as it were. (6)
4. He must have been enthralled. (8)
10. Apartment that is never completely full. (9)
11. He of course would have been philosophical about being rationed. (5)
12. Ay, without breaking the law. (5)
13. Exaggerated description of President Roosevelt. (9)
14. Building where night lights would not be needed by the children. (9)
17 (rev.). Him in the graduate class! (5)
19. Do take the car back in. (5)
20. The more blessed part of Job. (9)
21. Used in drawing—but not water. (9)
23 (rev.). Recorded, in fact, that the Queen of Sheba cut every other woman out. (5)
24. His wife's lay-out is unfortunate for batsmen. (5)
25. This might end in D E F G. (9)
26. Cooking by the ship way. (8)
27. Swears when cut up. (6)

DOWN

1. Unpacked? (9)
2. Transport by "liner"? (15)
3. Ornamental work of the nesting hen. (5)
5. A friend in the Sappers—in France of course. (5)
6. Same as beg perhaps. (9)
7. Battalions of robots? (15)
8. Not once to be omitted. (5)
9. Keeps everything working smoothly for 7. (8)
15. A side light? (9)
16. Her last look proved fatal. (8)
18. If you trail your coat you must be prepared also to do this. (9)
21. They are used for secret conveyances. (5)
22. In Rio de Janiero dinner is served at 8. (5)
23 (rev.). The extent of cook's reach. (5).

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

B	A	N	D	W	A	G	G	O	N	■	K	C	O	L
A	■	O	■	R	■	U	■	P	■	■	■	A	■	A
C	E	N	T	I	P	E	D	E	S	■	E	B	U	C
K	■	E	■	T	■	S	■	N	■	H	■	R	■	U
■	■	■	M	I	S	S	I	O	N	A	R	I	E	S
S	■	B	■	N	■	E	■	U	■	R	■	O	■	T
O	R	A	N	G	E	S	■	T	O	D	D	L	E	R
L	■	R	■	P	■	■	■	■	■	E	■	E	■	I
A	V	E	R	A	G	E	■	W	I	N	S	T	O	N
N	■	B	■	P	■	V	■	E	■	I	■	S	■	E
G	R	A	C	E	D	A	R	L	I	N	G	■	■	■
O	■	C	■	R	■	N	■	S	■	G	■	B	■	I
O	A	K	S	■	D	I	S	H	C	O	V	E	R	S
S	■	E	■	■	■	S	■	E	■	F	■	A	■	L
E	N	D	S	■	T	H	E	D	E	F	E	N	C	E

The last week's winner is

Mrs. B. G. Last, 111 Copse Hill, S.W.20

'ASPRO' versus the INFLUENZA MENACE

How to PROTECT oneself against the "'FLU" and how to GET RID OF IT are the burning questions of the hour. The INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC is now spreading throughout the country. For quick results and protection there is one answer: that is, "TAKE 'ASPRO' at the first symptoms." A popular method of preventing 'Flu is to gargle the throat with 2 or 3 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water. If you HAVE the 'Flu 'ASPRO' will enable you to get rid of it in double quick time. 'ASPRO,' being an antipyretic—(fever-reducer)—prevents the development of the complaint. It also soothes away the aching pains and banishes that groggy "weak at the knees" feeling. There is no doubt that 'ASPRO' is the supreme medicine for Influenza. YOU can prove this effectively if you just try it. Every home should have 'ASPRO' on hand at this juncture for emergency. A POPULAR WAY TO TAKE 'ASPRO' FOR 'FLU IS 2 OR 3 TABLETS WITH A HOT LEMON DRINK (OR WHISKY). This method banishes the 'FLU OR COLD ATTACK IN ONE NIGHT.

DON'T FEAR 'FLU, COLDS Or RHEUMATISM—BANISH THEM WITH 'ASPRO' TO-NIGHT

Read this convincing testimony:

WORE THREE OVERCOATS — READ THIS —

Whitehouse Cottage, Smeaton Street, North Ormsby,
Middlesbrough, Yorks.

Dear Sirs,

I thought you would like to know how your wonderful 'ASPROS' work up the North. If I am feeling blue or have a headache, I just take 'ASPROS.' I recommend your 'ASPROS' to dozens of my friends. The other week an old gentleman aged 79, a customer of mine, had the 'flu. He was that ill he had three top coats on. I told him to take some 'ASPRO.' His son said it would take weeks for him to get better on account of his age, but the next day he was in Middlesbrough with one top coat on, feeling like a 25-year-old.

Yours truly, WILF. HEWITSON.

HOT MILK AND 'ASPRO' HELPS LADY OF 70

45, Alderue Avenue, Benchill, Northenden,
Manchester.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and thank you for your wonderful tablets. About 9 years ago, while on holiday to gain strength after a long illness, I met a lady who told me of the great benefit she got from taking 'ASPRO' and so I took her advice and whenever I feel out-of-sorts or a chill coming on I take 2 in hot milk and am all right next day. The same with my family, they too swear by 'ASPROS' and now in their own homes they, like me, would not be without the wonderful tablets.

I am now in my 70th year and feel much better in health than I had done in the previous years before taking the tablets.

Again I thank you and would advise all those who suffer in any way to try 'ASPROS.' I am, Yours gratefully,

M. A. ATKINSON (Mrs.).

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA	COLDS	RHEUMATISM
HEADACHES	LUMBAGO	ALCOHOLIC
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY	AFTER EFFECTS
OR INSOMNIA	NEURITIS	PAINS PECULIAR
NEURALGIA	HAY FEVER	TO WOMEN
SCIATICA	NERVE SHOCK	MALARIA
GOUT	TOOTHACHE	ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks. ASPRO

Telephone: SLOUGH 22381

No Proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

PUBLIC NOTICE. 'ASPRO' prices are not increased. They remain the same as pre-war

3D 6D 1/3 2/6

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

FATE OF CONVERSION OPERATION—CASE FOR A LOWER BANK RATE—MR. MCKENNA AND MR. KEYNES—WOOLWORTH'S—WALL STREET

By CYNICUS

OUR beloved Mr. Churchill was somewhat previous in congratulating the Chancellor of the Exchequer on building up a veritable Maginot Line of financial strength and confidence. He was assuming too hastily that the Chancellor had successfully carried through the conversion of 4½ per cent. into 2 per cent. bonds. The successfulness of that operation cannot be judged until after February 8th, which is the last day for holders to dissent. We do not expect our greatest First Lord of the Admiralty to appreciate the technicalities of City finance, even when he is Chancellor of the Exchequer, but if he had consulted the Treasury experts he might have been informed that this conversion operation, entailing the issue of a 3-to 5-year 2 per cent. bond at par, could not be a complete success without a reduction in Bank rate and in the loan charges of the joint stock banks. But Mr. Montagu Norman maintains Bank rate at 2 per cent. and the joint stock banks continue to charge 1 per cent. or more for loans against bills maturing in three months. Small wonder that Conversion 2½ per cent. bonds 1944-49 after jumping to 100 have come back to 99⅞, which suggests a fairly heavy discount on the new 2 per cent. Conversion 1943-5 if short term money rates are not brought into line. Clearly, the bankers are out of step with the Treasury or the Treasury is out of step with the bankers. But who should decide the pace in wartime—the bankers or the Government? It only needs to pose the question to expose the absurdity and iniquity of the present situation in the money market. Bank rate should be reduced to at least 1½ per cent., so that the joint stock banks can reduce their loan rate against bills to its former level of ½ per cent., the Government can issue its Treasury bills at the pre-war level of around ⅝ per cent., the taxpayer can save millions in interest charges, and the Chancellor can make a real success of his Conversion operation. Is the banking and discount world living in some cloud-cuckoo land of its own? When I hear that banks are still competing for deposits by offering 1¼ per cent. to depositors for three months, I begin to think that the war has not yet reached the City. Certainly not its Maginot Line.

* * *

I am not indicting the joint stock bank chairmen. From the speeches which have just been delivered at their general meetings they appear to be fully alive to the necessities of Government control not only in matters of interest rates but in the export and import trade (vide the speech of Barclay's chairman). Mr. Reginald McKenna at the Midland Bank meeting went even further and supported Mr. Keynes's scheme of compulsory savings, root and branch. He admitted that public opinion was not yet ripe for the imposition of Mr. Keynes's scheme, but he believed that, when better understood, compulsory savings would be acceptable and in the next war would be among the first financial measures to be put into practice. It was, he argued, a more equitable scheme than inflation and more practicable than further taxation. I agree and I believe that the only reason why Labour will not accept it is because there is no guarantee that at the end of the war, when the wage-earners wish to withdraw their war savings, their money will be worth what it is to-day in terms of the cost of living. I venture to suggest to Mr. Keynes that he should meet this objection by some compensating factor, such as repayment of the savings at a premium varying with the cost of living index.

* * *

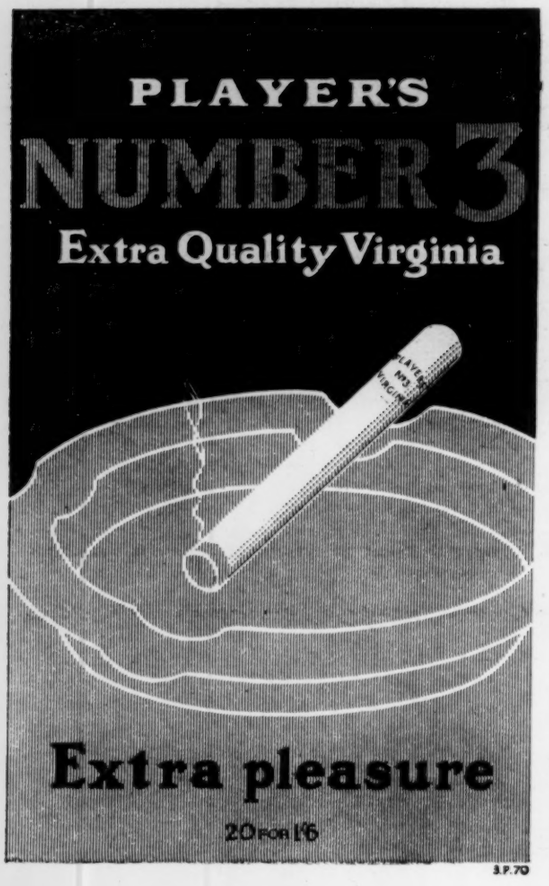
The City Editor of *The Times* is at last becoming aware that equity shares are not the "hedges" they used to be in the last war. I have been cautioning investors, since the war began, to avoid all ordinary shares except those which fall into my definition of the "sheltered" class. I am almost persuaded to include Woolworths in the sheltered class after reading the speech of the Chairman at the General Meeting. The directors were as clever as they could be in buying ahead in anticipation of the war, and I have no doubt that they will be able to meet rising costs by adjustments in grade or prices. Population shifts seem to cause the management no worries, and if the volume of their sales is reduced by more drastic rationing the Inland Revenue, through the excess profits tax, will be the first to suffer, not the ordinary shareholder. But there is one "snag." As the war develops and our production machinery is taxed to its limit to provide the goods necessary for the war, the manufacturers supplying Woolworths may find it difficult to deliver the articles specified in their contracts. This, of course, is a risk not confined to Woolworths but is applicable to all manufacturers of consumption goods. The Woolworths dividend is not invulnerable, but is as "sheltered" as seems reasonable in a war. At the present price of 61*s.*, Woolworths yield £5 6*s.* 3*d.* per cent. on dividends of 65 per cent. and 7.3 per cent. on earnings of 89.2 per cent.

* * *

Wall Street reports make rather nauseating reading to anyone in a belligerent country. After the short-lived war boom in the first half of September Wall Street prices came down, first, on fears that this was a "phoney" war (bringing no profit to America), secondly, on dread that there would be an early peace (removing any chance of profit to America), and, recently, on anxiety lest the war should spread and induce Mr. Roosevelt to stand for a third term (implying that the United States would then fail to keep out of it). I cannot ascertain whether Wall Street would hate an early peace more than a Roosevelt third term, but whatever its psychology it will not greatly interest (and it may disgust) the poor belligerent who is helping to pay for the war. And I would that those Americans who talk deprecatingly of a "phoney" war could take a term of duty on a defenceless lightship or fishing trawler that is likely to be bombed or sunk by German airmen. All this was intended to lead up to the indefatigable Major Angas' new pamphlet, "The Fourth Roosevelt Boom." Major Angas sees a new boom ahead because (1) there is a perfect monetary situation; (2) an abnormally healthy economic situation; (3) a perfect technical condition within the market; (4) a perfect graphic situation, and (5) abnormal cheapness of stocks. Unfortunately, there is a very imperfect war going on, and if Major Angas' boom materialises we British investors will be quick to liquidate more of our dollar holdings and hand the dollar exchange over to the Treasury for the prosecution of more serious business than Wall Street can offer.

* * *

"Cynicus" regrets that he is unable to reply to correspondents direct, but he is always willing to discuss their problems or answer their queries in these columns if the subject is of general or special interest.



MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

THE RIGHT HON. REGINALD McKENNA'S ADDRESS

THE ordinary general meeting of shareholders of the Midland Bank Limited was held at the head office of the bank, London, E.C.2, on Friday, January 26th, 1940.

The Chairman, the Right Hon. R. McKenna, said:

When I recall how at the beginning of the war we expected London to be furiously bombed, I am glad that we are able to assemble here as usual for our annual meeting. We ought not to relax our precautions, for bombing may yet happen; but happily, we are prepared in this building against any attack. If the siren were to sound this instant we could all find safety in an emergency shelter, forty feet below ground and well protected by steel and concrete.

Deferring for the moment the story of our progress last year, I am sure that we are more interested in knowing how the bank can help the national war effort than in anything else. I shall refer later to members of the staff in the fighting forces, but what I speak of now is our work as an institution carrying on its ordinary business. In the first place, banking provides an indispensable service alike in war and peace. By efficiency in conducting our business we can help the flow of essential industry and ease the course of daily life, and we can assist in the vast volume of transactions on Government account which war inevitably entails. We have been glad, in particular, to take our part in carrying out the measures adopted for controlling foreign exchange transactions and the new capital market. We are bound, like everyone else, to encounter difficulties: our men are called up; air-raid precautions have to be maintained; delays in communication and the removal of the clearing from London hamper us; and we are afflicted by the doleful shades of the black-out. But whatever difficulties may confront us, the board, the management and the staff are determined to overcome them.

There is, secondly, a less obvious way in which the banks can serve the nation in the present struggle: they can help to delay or even avoid the onset of the bugbear of inflation. Inflation, if it comes, will be due to the growth of consumption, civil and military together, beyond our capacity to produce. The military demand must be satisfied, and in the long run, if no other means can be found to bring the total demand for goods within the limit of production, inflation, with its accompaniment of rising prices, sets in as an automatic check on civilian consumption. The wise course is to prevent or limit inflation by every prudent means of diverting goods and services from civil to military purposes.

May I digress for a few minutes on this subject. The reality behind all questions of war finance is the huge demand which warfare makes on the power of the nation to produce goods for immediate consumption. The demand can be met to a large extent by the expansion of production to the uttermost through the use of additional bank credit. Not only can the recorded unemployed be absorbed, but numbers of men and women not hitherto engaged in productive work can be drafted into industry. Up to the stage of full employment there need be no inflation, as the enlarged bank credit may be offset by greater output. The demand can be covered again in part by using up stocks and in part by realising investments abroad to pay for additional imports. But before long the point is reached at which the Government must restrict civilian consumption.

The attack is made in various ways. Rationing is the most direct and obvious method; but as consumption depends upon the means to pay for it, the main assault is on the purchasing power of the people, a larger share of which must be diverted to the Government. Heavy taxation is brought into action, and is followed by borrowing from the public, accompanied by a vigorous campaign to promote saving and investment in war loans. It is in this diversion of purchasing power from the people to the Government that the banks can give practical assistance. They can restrict loans for non-essential purposes, and thereby effect the double object of curtailing purchasing power for purely civilian purposes and increasing their own capacity to lend to the State and to Government contractors.

The Government must pay for its supplies, and if taxation and borrowing from the public furnish insufficient means, resort must be had to the creation of new purchasing power by borrowing from the Bank of England and the joint stock banks. But new purchasing power created without reduction of civilian purchasing power or increase in production brings us to the threshold of inflation. The inflation would become rapidly accentuated if the process, commonly stigmatised as the vicious spiral, were allowed to come freely into play—a spiral in which rising prices are followed by higher wages, to lead again to still higher prices as costs rise, and so on. But the means of restraint, if not of prevention, are at hand. The Government has made a great advance in recent years in the management of monetary conditions. With full powers at its command, and wisely used, it can determine the degree, if any, of inflation that will be permitted. Inflation is a relative term, and the word reflation might more properly describe a movement, such as we have had already, beginning from a low basis. It is possible that a moderate raising of the general level of prices, with due safeguards for those living near the subsistence level, may be no more than a healthy stimulus to energy in supplying the needs of war.

Nevertheless, we must not be blind to the possibility that the war, if it is of long duration, may demand more drastic methods. Perhaps nothing less than the compulsory saving of all increases of income will be needed to secure the full necessary diversion of spending power from the public to the Government. Judging from comments in the press, I conclude that public opinion is not yet ripe for the imposition of a scheme of compulsory saving. But should we ever be engaged in another great war, which may Heaven avert, I believe we should at once turn our minds to a plan of the kind proposed by Mr. Keynes. We should probably find, indeed, that the Treasury had already worked one out in detail, and that the Government of the day would include it among its first war measures. The British public are steadfast in patriotism and when they understand the need are ready to submit to any sacrifice; but it is hard to break away from established habits and standards of living, and the economic reasons why we should do so are not easily comprehended. Yet, just as other encroachments on liberty during the war have been not merely accepted but welcomed by the public, so I believe this last one, when better understood, would be accepted also. It would be more equitable than inflation, more practicable than still further taxation, and at the end of the war, when industry is no longer engaged in making arms but has turned again to the building of houses and the manufacture of the products of peace, the war savings would give to all the means to share in the new output and to invest, if they so wished, in the capital needed to set the wheels of peaceful industry in motion.

NATIONAL SERVICE

I come now to the direct contribution of the bank to the fighting forces. Already fourteen hundred men, nearly one-eighth of our entire male personnel, have joined the services, and we must anticipate a further absorption as more are called to the colours. Here perhaps the contribution to the Air Force through the Midland Bank Flying Club may be noted. The Club was formed three years ago and was given every encouragement by the bank. Long before war began the Air Ministry expressed publicly its appreciation of the Club's value and efficiency. Those feats of daring and gallantry in the air, of which we read, have been participated in by young men from the Midland Bank. Over two hundred and fifty trained pilots, observers, equipment officers and ground staff have been furnished by the Club, and, although its activities were suspended on the outbreak of war, we are proud of the work it had already done and the high recognition it had received.

We are indeed proud of all our men in the fighting forces, soldiers and sailors as well as airmen, and we do not forget them. We have undertaken to make good to all members of the staff on active service any shortage between their basic pay and the salaries they were earning at the time they joined up; we shall welcome them back into the bank when they are demobilised, and their salaries will then be so adjusted as to give them such amount as they would have been receiving had they remained at their desks.

The bank's contribution to the war effort does not end here. Very many of our staff, both men and women, have volunteered for part-time national service. We have special constables, wardens, first-aid parties, fire-fighters, salvage corps, rescue parties, engineers, and instructors in all A.R.P. duties. The men and women engaged in this wide variety of service have all given up leisure to public duty, and I am sure that the shareholders, no less than the board and management, recognise and appreciate their sacrifice.

POSITION AND PROGRESS OF THE BANK

Turning to purely domestic affairs, the past year has brought a number of changes on our board of directors. Since our last meeting death has, to our deep sorrow, deprived us of our colleagues the Earl of Denbigh, Mr. Fox and Mr. McBain. We feel their loss and miss their counsel. Their places have been filled by gentlemen whose services will be of great help in the successful conduct of our affairs. The Earl of Caithness has gained a wide experience as a director of the North of Scotland Bank; Sir Thomas Brocklebank is already known as an outstanding leader in business; and the high character and ability of Sir Eric Phipps have been a national asset for many years.

(*Continued on page* 158)